E. A Manning

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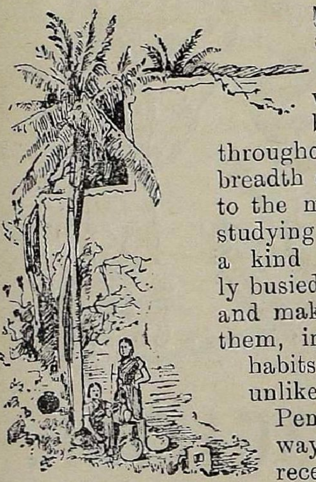
PAIN IN PLEASURE.

A Thought lay like a flower upon mine heart,
And drew around it other thoughts like bees
For multitude and thirst of sweetnesses ;
Whereat rejoicing I desired the art
Of the Greek whistler, who to wharf and mart
Could lure those insect swarms from orange-trees,
That I might hive me with such thoughts and please
My soul so, always. Foolish counterpart
Of a weak man's vain wishes! While I spoke,
The thought I called a flower grew nettle-rough,
The thoughts, called bees, stung me to festering ;
Oh, entertain (cried Reason as she woke)
Your best and gladdest thoughts but long enough,
And they will all prove sad enough to sting!

E. B. BROWNING.

The Late Miss Manning.



THE sad news of Miss Manning's death will have been felt by her friends throughout the length and breadth of India. Especially to the many Indian students studying in England was she a kind friend and earnestly busied herself to help them and make things easier for them, in a land where the habits and customs are so unlike ours. Her house in Pembridge Crescent always stood open to receive and welcome visitors from India.

Elizabeth Adelaide Manning was the daughter of James Manning, who was the Queen's "Ancient Sergeant," an office which was abolished after his death. He was well-known as a Judge and a Lawyer. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Manning acted as temporary head of Girton College when it first made its start at Hitchin. Miss Manning herself was one of the first pupils of this institution. From the very beginning she seemed to have laid herself out for useful service. She associated herself with Miss Mary Carpenter in her educational work and became the Secretary of the Froebel Society. Later on, she became in effect one of the founders of Girton College, Cambridge, in which she always retained a keen interest. Among her bequests there is a legacy of £2,000 for Girton.

But her life has a more personal interest for us, because for the last 30 years or so she devoted herself almost entirely to India. On the death of Miss Carpenter in 1877 she became Secretary of the National Indian Association, and until the day of her death she worked indefatigably to make it a source of interest and usefulness. In 1888 she paid her first visit to India and came to Madras. There were many meetings of the Association held, and socials and conversaziones given in her honour; and many had thus the opportunity of knowing her. Again, eleven years later, she paid another visit to Madras, and was eagerly welcomed by the members of the Association and her many friends. Miss Manning worked hard for the advancement of Indian women, both in educational and social matters, as can be testified specially by those, who have been to England and have experienced her kind care and attention. It was fitting that Miss Manning should have been the first to introduce an Indian lady to the late Queen. Her sympathies were wide. She could take an intelligent interest in, and sympathise with, the men and women of India, with whom she came in contact, though they were of many different castes and religious sects. Her loss will be sincerely mourned by many a personal friend in India, and though some may have differed from her in her views, yet all cannot but acknowledge the true service she has done for us and for our land. To all her several duties Miss Manning added yet another. She was the editor of the *Indian Magazine and Review* for the last 30 years or more. It dealt with the various social and educational movements specially among the women of India, and thus tried to institute a better understanding between the East and the West. We feel glad to think that her long life of quiet service was fully appreciated. A few months before her death, the Kaiser-i-Hind medal was graciously conferred on her by the King.

On the 10th of August, at the age of seventy-two, after a few months' illness, Miss Manning passed away. Her remains were first cremated and then carried to Norwood cemetery. Needless to say, her death is mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, both English and Indian.

A Reminiscence of Miss Manning by an Indian girl who knew her in England.

It was an autumn afternoon. I was sitting at my window watching the pearly grey sky and the fast-flitting clouds and revelling in the beauty of the autumn tints, which relieved the greyness of the atmosphere. There was a knock at my door. Thinking it was my chum, I casually said "come in;" but instead of my golden-haired and blue-eyed little friend, a small old lady in a handsome cape and an old-fashioned bonnet walked in and taking me by my two hands warmly welcomed me to her country. It was Miss Manning, a lady whom I grew to admire and respect as I came to know more of her.

. . . .

She often had me to stay with her at her house in Pembridge Crescent. It was a familiar sight to see her at her study table busy writing or seeing people. I was often amazed at the number of Indian men and women that used to find their way to her house; and for each she had a kind word and in each she took a personal interest. Her memory was wonderful. She remembered long-forgotten details and took a keen interest in the "little things of life"—a duty often neglected by many. She *was* a kind friend.

Miss Manning was very energetic for her age. She was on a number of committees, and what

is more she helped to extend their usefulness. Once or twice I accompanied her to her meetings.

. . . .

One scene I cannot help recalling now. It was in the spring, when the air was fresh with the promise of renewed youth and life. It was one of Miss Manning's 'At Home' days. Her double drawing rooms were full of guests—both Indian and English. There you saw the graceful Parsi girl in her rich *Sari*, Indian girls of North and South India flitting in and out among the elegant English women and you felt as if the East and West had met on a common threshold, while every now and then you caught glimpses of the little familiar figure of Miss Manning, in a handsome dress with a collar of rich old lace. I often think of her as I saw her then—surrounded by her old friends of many years' standing, while among them were her new friends, full of youth and energy. It always reminded me of an old-fashioned garden, where the flowers of our grand-mother's childhood still stood and bloomed, while beside them new plants and new flowers added beauty and sweetness.

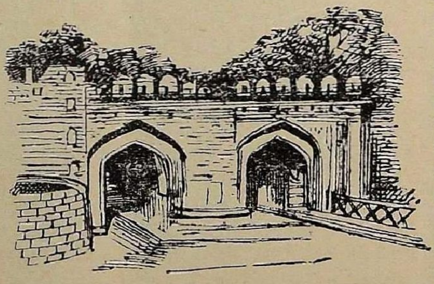
. . . .

I shall always recall with pleasure the pleasant hours I spent with Miss Manning. It is a happy memory. I seem to see her now as she stood on the doorstep waving goodbye as I drove away to the station. It is hard tor ealise that she is no more—I am sure her loss will be felt keenly by her many personal friends.

R. K.

Marie Corelli on "'Imaginary' Love."

[By an Indian Lady.]



Perhaps we would understand better what Marie Corelli means about Imaginary Love, if we read what she says concerning Imagination. "What, after all, is Imagination? It is a great many things. It is a sense of beauty and harmony. It is an instinct of poetry and of prophecy. A Persian poet describes it as an immortal sense of memory, which is always striving to recall the beautiful things the Soul has lost."

What then is Imaginary Love?

"There is perhaps no emotion more elevating or more deceptive than that sudden uplifting of the heart and yearning of the senses which may be called "Imaginary" Love. It resembles the stirring of the sap in the roots of flowers, thrilling the very ground with hints and promises of spring,—it is the unspeakable outcoming of human emotion and sympathy too great to be contained within itself,—the tremulous desire,—half vague and wholly innocent,—of the human soul for its mate. The lower grades of passion have not as yet ruffled the quivering white wings of this divinely sweet emotion, and the being who is happy enough to experience it in all its intensity, is, for the time, the most enviable on earth. Youth or maiden, whichever it be, the world is a fairy land for this chosen dreamer. Nothing appears base or mean,—God's smile is reflected in every ray of sunshine, and nature offers no prospect that is not pleasing."

This Imaginary Love, says Marie Corelli exists on ideals:

"It is because we make for ourselves "ideal" men, "ideal" women, and endow these fair creations with the sentiment of "imaginary" love, that we still are able to communicate with the Gods. Not yet have we lowered ourselves to the level of the beasts,—nor shall we do so, though things sometimes seem tending that way. The ideal must always be triumphant,—the soul can only hope to make way by climbing towards it. Thus it is with "imaginary" Love,—it must hold fast to its ideal, or be content to perish on the plane of sensual passion, which exhausts itself rapidly, and once dead, is dead for ever and aye."

Truly, this Imaginary Love is a beautiful thing. It sees beauty in every object. As Carlyle says: "To us also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes? We do not worship in that way now: but is it not reckoned still a merit, proof of what we call a 'poetic nature,' that we recognise how every object has a divine beauty in it; how every object still verily is 'a window through which we may look into Infinitude itself?' He that can discern the loveliness of things, we call him Poet, Painter, Man of Genius, Gifted, Lovable."

What is its nature? "*Imaginary Love* is not earthly,—neither is it heavenly,—it is something between both, a vague feeling, which, though incapable of being reduced to any sort of reason or logic, is the foundation of perhaps all the greatest art, music and poetry in the world." It is never exhausted; "Age does not blurt this fine emotion, for, as may often be remarked with some beautiful souls in the decline

of life, the resigning of earthly enjoyments gives them no pain,—and the sweet placidity of expectation, rather than the dull apathy of regret, is their chief characteristic."

Shelley had beautiful fancies, the true imaginary love. How beautiful it was and to what heights of Poetry it led him, we can see, if we read his wonderful poetry.

" There was a Being whom my spirit oft
Met in its visioned wanderings, far aloft,
In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,
Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,
Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves
Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves
Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor
Paved her light steps.
In the words
Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,
Sound, colour—in whatever checks that Storm
Which with the shattered present chokes the past,
And in that best philosophy, whose taste
Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom
As glorious as a fiery martyrdom;
Her spiri was the harmony of truth.
Then from the caverns of my dreary youth
I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,
And towards the loadstar of my one desire,
I flitted like a dizzy moth."

What are the results of Imaginary Love? It has got its own drawback, as every beautiful thing will have. "Yes, with all its ethereal beauty and gossamer-sense of pleasure, this imaginary love is often the most pathetic experience we have or ever shall have in life. It is answerable for numberless griefs,—for bitter disillusions,—occasionally too for broken hearts. It glitters before us, a brilliant chimera, during our very young days,—and on our entrance into society it vanishes, leaving us to pursue it through many phases of existence and always in vain." Shelley says the same

" But she whom prayers or tears then could not tame,
Past, like a God throned on a winged planet,
Into the dreary cone of our life's shade
And as a man with mighty loss dismayed
I would have followed.
And in that silence, and in my despair,
I questioned every tongueless wind that flew
Over my tower of mourning.
And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear
And every gentle passion sick to death,
Feeding my course with expectations breath,
Into the wintry forest of our life;
And struggling through its error with vain strife,
And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,
And half bewildered by new forms, I past."

But, in spite of all this, Imaginary Love is the source of all Art. The poet imagines love " with ecstasy and fervour to the very end of his days." The musician imagines it, "in strains of perfect sound, which waken in the hearts of his hearers all the old feverish longings, all the dear youthful dreams, all the delicious romances which accompanied the lovely white-winged sentiment in days past and dead for ever."

It forms a way of expression for the lovely soul, the yearning soul, longing for completion, for perfection and yet often doomed to go in loneliness to the end of its earthly sojourn. Finally, it goes before us, "intensifying every enjoyment, adding a double thrill to the notes of a sweet song, lending an extra glow to the sunshine, an added radiance to the witchery of the moonlight, a more varied and exquisite colouring to the trees and flowers, a charm to every book, a delight to every new scene;—*imaginary love*, a very sprite of enchantment, helps us to believe persistently in good, when those who love not at all, neither in reality nor in idealization, are drowning in the black waters of suicidal despair." A grand thing, the delight of existence, is it not—this Imaginary Love?

One would think then that Imaginary Love would be fostered by marriage; for is not true marriage, or should it not be, the marriage of ideals, the union of spiritual aspirations? But, no, Marie Corelli thinks that it cannot exist in marriage; she says, " strange and cruel as the fact may seem, marriage appears to put an end to it altogether.

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife
He would have written sonnets to her all his life?

inquires Byron. He certainly would not. The 'imaginary' love of Petrarch was the source of his poetic inspiration; if he had ever dragged it down to the level of the commonplace Actual, he would have killed his muse. In a similar way the love of Dante for Beatrice was of the "imaginary" quality. Those who read the "Vita Nuova" will scarcely fail to see how the great poet hugs his love-fancies and feeds himself with delicious extravagances in the way of idealized and sublimated soul-passion. He dissects every fine hair of a stray emotion and writes a sonnet on every passing heart-beat. Dante's wife never became so transfigured in her husband's love. Why? Alas! who can say! no reason can be given save that perchance "familiarity breeds contempt," and that the unattainable seems always more beautiful than the attained. The delight of possession would appear to be as brief as the flowering of a rose. Lovers are in haste to wed,—but when the knot is once irrevocably tied, in nine cases out of ten they wish it could be untied again. They no longer imagine "imaginary" love! The glamour is gone. Illusions are all over. The woman is no longer the removed, the fair, the chaste, the unreachable;—the man ceases to be the proud, the strong hero endowed with hte attributes of

the Gods. "Imaginary" love then resolves itself into one of two things,—a firm, every-day, close and tender *friendship*, or else a sick disappointment, often ending in utter disgust. But the divine emotion of "imaginary" love has fled,—the soul is no longer enamoured of its Ideal—and the delicate psychic passion which inspires the poets, the painter, the musician, turns at once to fresh objects of admiration and pursuit."

Shelley's views seem to agree with Marie Corelli's

> " True love in this differs from go'd and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away.
> Love is like understanding that grows bright
> Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like thy light,
> Imagination ! which, from earth and sky,
> And from the depths of human fantasy,
> As from a thousand prisms and mirrors fills,
> The universe with golden beams.

A strange way of putting things does it not appear to most of us ? Compare with this the highest thoughts about Marriage :

"A good wife," says Jeremy Taylor, "is Heaven's last, best gift to man ; his angel and minister of graces innumerable ; his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels ; her voice is sweet music, her smiles his brightest day, her kiss the guardian of his conscience ; her arms the rule of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life, her industry his surest counsellor ; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head." Habington says: "A wife is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being, to the love of which, as the charms of nature enchant us, so the love of grace by special privilege invites us. She is so religious that every day crowns her a martyr, and her zeal neither rebellious nor uncivil. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if success crown not expectation remain nevertheless uncontinued."

Surely it is Imaginary Love that should be strongest in marriage. Familiarity should not breed contempt, but should increase sympathy ; for the chief element of true married life is sympathy. The husband and wife must understand each other and trust in each other. How can the "Soul become no longer enamoured of its Ideal in marriage ?" Are not Ideals realized in marriage? Evidently not, according to Marie Corelli. Even in *friendship*, ideals must be realisedin true friends ; much more so then in wedded lovers. In true love, the lover sets his object upon a pedestal, and imagines all sorts of ideals in it ; and sees them growing brighter every day ; and with the increase of familiarity, the loved one does not descend from the pedestal, but stands higher and higher, and the halo of glory grows but brighter every day.

It is for this reason perhaps that Marie Corelli seems to hint that imaginary love is not constant. "The young boy half in love with a pretty face feels this love," she says : "Deceived in one direction, it flies in another." This is not constant love, the union of twin souls. In fact, if we may venture to say so, Marie Corelli means Imaginary Love to be the aspiration for ideals, the intense longing for the idealistic, the love of the beautiful, of all beauty, whether the beauty is in nature, in human beings, in art, in morality or in the soul and spirit, which is in every great heart, in every true heart. Some ideals may be realized, some may not be, but the longing for them is ever there. The longing may be felt for all ideals, the worship may be of all Beauty. But this cannot be true love the love which we understand to be felt by one soul for its twin mate, which can only be satisfied by the union of twin souls. If so, then it must exist in true marriage, then it must be constant. This is the true '*Real-in-Love*' as Marie Corelli calls it. Imaginary Love is but its shadow. If the shadow is caught and grows into reality, the happier for the searcher, whose dreams then melt into the bright realism of actual love ; not dim into the sadness of disappointment. If not, let the searcher still go on searching, and his mind will radiate brightness all around, through the glow of his *imaginary love.*

But, says Marie Corelli, this gift of the Imagination, this wonder of the mind, is a vanishing gift, is slowly disappearing in these times of utilitarianism. How are we to keep it ? Here is her answer :

"We shall never grasp the Dream in this world—nevertheless let us fly after it as though it were a Reality ! Let us 'imagine' our friends are true ; let us 'imagine,' as we welcome our acquaintances into our homes, that their smiles and greetings are sincere—let us imagine 'imaginary' love as the poets do—, a passion tender, strong and changeless—and pursue it always, even if the objects, which for a moment its passing wings have brushed, crumble into dust beneath that touch of fire ! We must keep "this Sun-dial of the Soul," sound and clean. There must be no crack in it,—it must not be allowed to get overgrown with the shiny mosses and rank weeds of selfishness and personal prejudice,—the index hand must be firmly set,—and none of the numeral figures must be missing ! So, perchance, shall God flash the true time of day upon it, for such as will hold themselves free to mark the Hour according to His will. So shall our lives retain the charm of constant Youth and Hope,—so shall the world seem always beautiful to us,—so shall the Unimaginable glory of the future Real-in-Love shine nearer every day in our faithful, fond pursuit of its flying Shadow ! "

Romances of the French Throne.

(Pen and ink sketches of famous women).

By Jean Delaire,
Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

III.—BLANCHE DE CASTILLE.

To the dynasty of the Mérovingians succeeded that of the Carlovingians, and these in their turn were followed, in the tenth century, by the Capétians, when for the first time since the Frankish conquest a king of *Gauloise* origin ascended the throne, thus substituting a national to an alien royal house.

During the seven centuries that separate the times of Clovis, Clotaire and Chilpéric from that of Saint Louis, no woman wearing the princely crown wielded any marked influence on the destinies of the nation. We must, however, except Queen Bathilde, the beautiful slave-girl bought by Clovis II and by him raised to the throne, where her kindness, charity, and tender care of all who suffered, soon made her the beloved of her lowly subjects, while at the same time she became an unconscious adversary of the great nobles of the kingdom, who, ever eager for power and domination, deeply mistrusted anyone espousing the cause of the people. Some years after the death of the king, the nobles, despite the fact that the queen had already given proofs of wise administration, wrenched the power from her hands, leaving her, like Sainte Radegonde, who also was "Queen and Nun," to end her days in a cloister.

Later on, we meet the graceful figure of Emma, daughter of Charlemagne, whose love for Eginhard, her father's secretary, has been sung in many an ancient ballad. But, so far at least as the historian knows, her influence at court was no greater than that of her sisters, Bertha, Giséle, Rothruda or Himiltruda, or any of the women,—wives or favourites,—who surrounded the king.

Undoubtedly the greatest figure of the thirteenth century, indeed, of many centuries preceding it, is Blanche, princess of Castille, wife of Louis VIII, Regent of the kingdom of France and, greatest of all her titles, mother of Saint Louis.

The best way to acquaint oneself with the character of this remarkable woman, would be to study the life of her son, Louis IX, for truly could it be said of this mother that she had twice created her child, fashioned him in mind as in body, making of the pale, delicate little prince, suddenly called to the throne by his father's death, one of the noblest of men and greatest of kings. For of all the monarchs who succeeded each other on the thrones of Europe, Saint Louis was perhaps the wisest, as he was the noblest in mind and in endeavour, and the best beloved of his people. And, in spite of the great revolution of the eighteenth century, in spite of the ardent republicanism and aggressive irreligion of modern France, the son of Blanche de Castille is still one of the national heroes, the perfect type of manhood, the kingly symbol of a glorious past—and France is still known, and, in spite of all, still wishes to be known, as the land that gave birth to Joan of Arc and to Saint Louis.

So well has the people understood the role played by Blanche de Castille in developing all the lovable qualities of the young king—in directing his intelligence, strengthening his purposes, enlarging his natural sympathies for the poor and the oppressed, creating in his mind a veritable passion for righteousness, so well has the people realised the full significance of her power, that in its instinctive gratitude it has made of "Good Queen Blanche" almost as popular a figure in French history as that of the saintly king himself.

Louis was only a boy of eleven at the time of his father's death. The king being a minor, Blanche de Castille became regent of the kingdom. Her position was a difficult even a perilous one. Kingly authority was not then what it became at a later period, when Louis XI began, with blood and the iron cages of the Bastille, what Louis XIV completed amid the pomps and splendours of Versailles—the glorification of the monarchical principle :—one people under one ruler. To the broad divisions of the Merowingian era had succeeded the partition of the country into many provinces, governed by the great barons of the kingdom, who enjoyed all but royal prerogatives, and save for the fact that they were vassals of the French crown, were as so many little kings in diminutive kingdoms. The inevitable result of this state of things was apparent in endless wars between the barons, open or secret revolts against the throne, and even treaties signed with alien monarchs against the king of France.

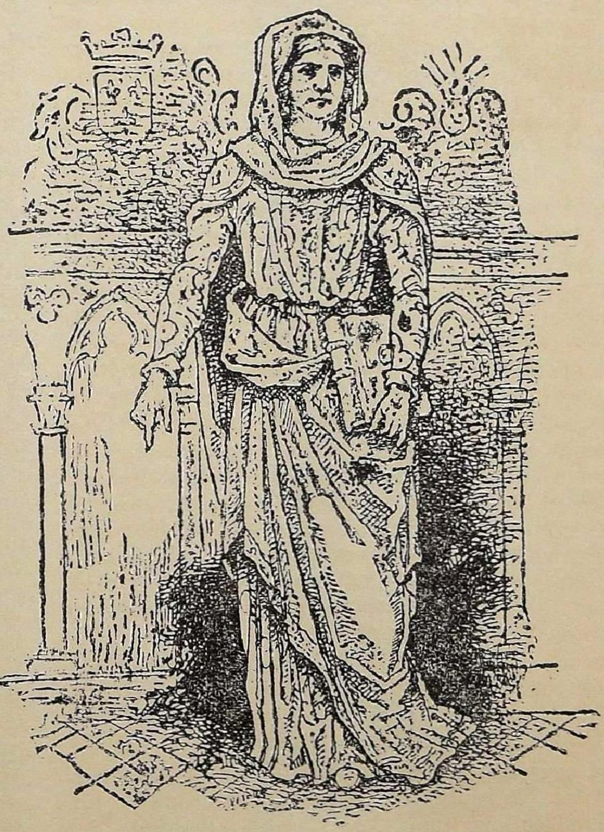
At the death of Louis VIII, the great lords, seeing the royal authority in the hands of a woman and a child, formed a wide coalition against Blanche de Castille and her son. In

the quaint French of the time, the Seigneur de Joinville, friend and historian of Saint Louis, tells us of the days of peril through which passed the queen-mother and the young king. Speaking of Louis, he remarks, in his famous memoirs: "Great need of God's grace had the king in his youth, for his mother, who had come from Spain, had neither friends nor relations in all the kingdom of France. So the barons, when they saw a child as king, and as queen an alien woman, declared the count of Boulogne, uncle of the king, their leader, and also held him as their lord. When the king was crowned there were some barons who asked grants of various lands of the queen, but she refused them. Then the barons assembled at Corbeil. And the saintly king told me that neither he nor his mother, who were at Monthléry, durst come back to Paris, until the men of Paris came with arms to fetch them. And he told me that from Monthléry to Paris was the road filled with people, armed and unarmed. They were all crying to Our Lord to give the king a long and happy life, and to defend him from all his enemies. And God did thus, as ye will see hereafter."

For even as a child, the king was beloved of his people; his youth and beauty, the charm of his graceful figure, the music of his voice, the quaint mixture of diffidence and dignity in his manners, won him the heart of the nation, already touched by the many charities of the queen-mother, her frequent visits to the hospitals and the prisons, her infinite compassion for all who sorrowed and sinned. If the lords rebelled and plotted, the people were loyal to their king.

This great league of the barons, that once threatened to be a serious danger to the state, was dissolved by a woman's smile. Thibault IV, Comte de Champagne and later on king of Navarre, was one of those who wielded the greatest influence in the rebel party. The queen, who, if the old *chroniqueurs* are to be believed, was as beautiful as she was virtuous and wise, called Thibault to her presence, and gently rebuked him for his defection. He looked at the queen, and his heart went out to her in that look. "Madame," he gave answer, my heart and my land are in your keeping: Whatever you may command me to do, this I will do, and never, again, so please God, raise my hand against you or yours!" And, adds the old historian with naïve grace, "de là se partit tout pensif, et lui "venait souvent enmémoire le doux regard de la "reine et sa belle contenance: alors entrait en "son coeur la douceur amoureuse; mais quand "il lui souvenait qu'elle était si haute dame et de "si bonne renommee, se changeait sa douce "pensée en grand' tristesse." ("Thence he went away dreaming, and often came to his mind the sweet look of the queen and her beautiful countenance; then crept into his heart the sweetness of love; but when he remembered how great a lady she was, and of so good repute, then was the sweet thought changed into great sorrow.")

To this hopeless passion of the Comte de Champagne for the virtuous queen, we owe some of the most exquisite verses of old Provencale poetry, dainty lines in which the royal lover



celebrates the charms of the Beloved, whom, without ever naming, he pathetically calls "Celle que ne puis oublier."

The defection of Comte Thibault proved a deathblow to the great league of the barons. With the loss of one of its most powerful adherents, its strength. and authority gradually diminished, until it became nothing but a name and an evil memory: The king was king in very truth.

One of his first notable acts was the reform of the laws, so long wished for by the queen

regent, and the abolishment of the famous *duels judiciaries*, in which accuser and accused met in single combat, and the defeated one, proclaimed guilty (the issue of the fight being deemed the judgment of God), was dragged from the fighting ground to the stake. The administration of justice in all its branches was the object of the king's untiring zeal, and popular tradition still represents him seated beneath the oaks of Vincennes, patiently hearing and judging all cases brought before him, be the plaintiffs ever so humble, the cause of the quarrel ever so slight. Indeed, so famous became the wisdom and equity of his sentences, that at the time of the first English parliament—in 1258—the barons, revolted against their king Henry III, and chose Louis as arbiter between their prince and themselves.

It is pleasant to think that Louis's wife, Marguerite de Provence, was one of the loveliest and most accomplished princesses of her time; yet in spite of this, the queen-mother, whose will had ever been law to her son, dreaded her possible influence over the young king, fearing—perhaps with a mother's inevitable jealousy—the time when another woman might rule the heart and mind of her son. Her fears were vain. Passionately devoted as was Louis to his beautiful wife, and influenced as he was, to a certain extent, both by her and by the wise ministers who surrounded the throne, yet no one ever took the place of the queen-mother, either in the king's private life or in the councils of State.

Disputes were not infrequent between the two queens, but deeply as they pained the king, his attitude to his mother ever remained one of loving reverence. "She hath made my kingdom great and strong," he would say, "and for myself, she hath led me to God from my earliest years. To her guidance I owe everything in this world and the next."

In one instance only, but this instance an all-important one, did the young king neglect his mother's advice, and the results were dire disasters to the king and his kingdom.

On a cold November afternoon, in the year 1244, the king fell ill of a serious illness, and when after long days and nights of delirium he regained consciousness at last, his first words were to ask for the red cross of the crusader. As his mother, his wife, all the faithful friends and attendants gathered around him, uttered loud cries of protest, he said quietly: "I have vowed to Him Who hath called me back from the dead, that I would go to the Holy Land and deliver the Lord's sepulchre from the hands of the pagans." Still the assistants, even the two bishops who stood by his bedside, murmured their dissent, and Marguerite, his wife, exclaimed prettily: "My dear lord hath not the strength to raise his head from my shoulder, and he talks of crossing the seas!"—"Thou wilt come with me, sweet wife, to help me raise my head," he answered with a smile; but to the bishops he said solemnly: "He Who knows all things, knows that no food shall pass my lips ere the holy symbol be placed on my heart!"

One may admire the king's piety: One cannot but deplore its results. So far, the crusades of the preceding centuries had terminated in defeat; that of Saint Louis was fated to end in disaster.

Blanche de Castille foresaw the doom she was powerless to avert. The historian of Saint Louis tells us that when the expedition to the Holy Land was decided, the queen-mother, always so calm and strong, wept as if her heart were broken. To the priest who attempted to console her, she said between her sobs: "I have known these many years that the Holy Land would take my son from me, and in my heart it is written that I shall never more see him!"

When the king and his suite journeyed to Aigues-Mrotes whence they set sail for Cyprus, the queen-mother accompanied them as far as Cluny. Once more she was given the title of regent of the kingdom, but this time with an added burden of sorrow hitherto unknown. Twice she fainted, as the time of parting drew near, and when, at the last moment, the king knelt to ask her blessing, she lacked even the strength to speak the supreme words of farewell and benediction.

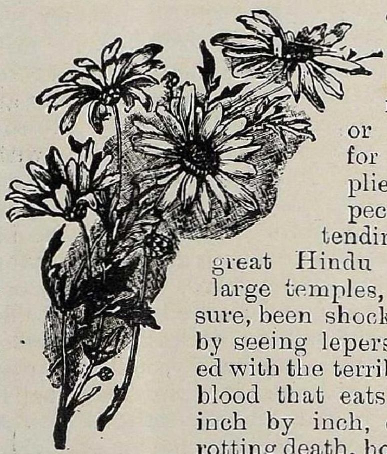
Every student of French history knows the *Via Dolorosa* trodden by the crusaders in the Holy Land—the brilliant capture of Damiette, soon followed by the defeat of Mansourah, the tragic death of the king's brother, the plague that decimated the army, the illness and cruel captivity of the king himself. Yet in spite of all, Louis remained in the Holy Land during three long years,—fighting the Moors, helping his fellow-Christians in every way, delivering the prisoners, ransoming the slaves, until, one day, there came a boat from France with priests and royal messengers, bearing the news of the Queen-Regent's death.

Blanche de Castille's presentiments had been realised, and her last word to the king, the last cry of her mother-love, had been a prophetic one: "O my son, my dearest son, never more shall mine eyes behold thee!"

The noble woman in whose hands the king had securely left his kingdom, had at last, after a long life of work, faithfully accomplished, resigned the regency at the sovereign call of the King of Kings.

A Biography of Kate Marsden.*

[By Mrs. Benson.]



WHEN going to the river to bathe, or to the market for household supplies, and more especially when attending the different great Hindu festivals at the large temples, you have, I am sure, been shocked and horrified by seeing lepers, persons afflicted with the terrible disease of the blood that eats away the flesh inch by inch, causing a living rotting death, horrible to see; but what must it be to endure! You have looked for a moment, and then turned your eyes away quickly with a shudder, and perhaps have fervently thanked God that you were not such an one as that leper. Now I want to tell you about an English lady who lives now, and who, when she saw these pitiable sufferers, and noticed how they were shunned and avoided by their fellow creatures, that they were homeless wanderers, and miserable, shuddered, but did not turn away in disgust, her one thought and desire from that time forward being "What *can* I do to help them!' Kate Marsden was a Hospital Nurse and sister of charity belonging to the English Church. She went out to Turkey to nurse the poor wounded soldiers, when the Russians and Turks were fighting. It was then that she first saw the terrible disease, and that she became absorbed with the one idea, "the wants of lepers, and how to relieve them." Before this time, the thought had come to her that her mission in life was to help those who received the smallest attention and care of all God's creatures. She knew that the poor and suffering in England, and in most parts of Europe, were within easy reach of abundant Christian help, good doctors, kind nurses, fine hospitals, near and ready for all, but she heard that in the far north of Asia, in Siberia, a land belonging to the Russians, but very wild, and bare and cold, and scantily peopled, that there, a number of people suffered from leprosy, and that when the dreadful sores appeared these unfortunate people were turned out of the villages, and banished into the great forests, out into the cold and snow and bitter winds, without shelter, and dependent for food on supplies carried out to them by the villagers, and left on the ground for them to pick up. In these forests were many wild wolves and bears, and the poor lepers often fell a prey to them. Some lepers were protected by taking with them a dog. These dogs are so wise that they often save their unfortunate owners by barking, and luring the bears away and away in the opposite direction, and when they have once decoyed them a good distance, they suddenly leave them and return by a short cut to their owners. In this manner many a poor leper's life has been saved by his dog.

"Surely," thought Kate Marsden, "these Siberian lepers are the least cared for of God's creatures on earth." Without hospitals, without houses, without clothes or decent food, in a bitter, cruelly cold climate, exposed to wild beasts, without medicine, or any sort of help for either body, mind, or spirit, for these desolate ones must she sacrifice her mind and body, and, if need be, her life? But how else could she help them? She was an Englishwoman, these people were Russians, not even European Russians, but Asiatic Russians, living in the very farthest corners of the world, not even gathered together in one community, but scattered about in twos and threes, in tens and twenties, over wide tracts of land, hundreds of miles from each other. Besides the drawbacks of the distance and the bitter climate, she did not know a word of their language, and there was a railroad only for a very short part of the journey, and then terribly rough roads and rivers without bridges, and then pathless forests and bogs, without any roads at all. How *could* she get to them? The journey too would cost a great deal of money and she, a Sister of Mercy, had no money. Well! if all these unheard of difficulties existed in her way, all the more reason she felt there was to cast herself entirely into God's hands, and ask His guidance and help in prayer, sure that if it were His will that she should succeed; all these difficulties, one by one, would be overcome, for had not Christ promised His followers "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, believing, He will give it thee?"

Kate Marsden knew that our loved and gracious Queen-Empress ever took a sympathetic and loving interest in all good works, and she applied to her for recognition and help. The Queen-Empress replied to Miss Marsden in the following letter:—"The Queen has taken a deep interest in the work undertaken by Miss Marsden among the lepers, and desires to recommend her to the attention and consideration of any persons whose assistance she may have occasion to require in connection with her benevolent efforts in the cause of humanity."

* Written for the Maharani Magazine.

The Empress of Russia is own sister to our beautiful and dearly loved Princess of Wales, and she gave Miss Marsden a letter instructing all Government Officials in the places she proposed to visit, to give her every possible assistance.

She travelled across the Black Sea, and arrived at *Moscow* in November 1890. She had been travelling for two or three days and nights, without stopping, through a strange country, ignorant of the language of the natives. You can imagine how glad she was to reach a resting place. Moscow is a very large city, and has been called "the golden-headed city," owing to the number of golden domes ornamenting her churches, though some are painted blue, and others green, the rest of the church being painted white picked out with lavender.

The first step was to call on the Governor Prince Dolgoroukow, who represented His Imperial Majesty the Czar. Miss Marsden had no grand dress in which to appear, but wore her nurse's uniform, merely putting on a clean pair of white strings to her somewhat worn bonnet.

The Prince's gentle voice and kind manner soon made Miss Marsden forget her nervousness as he asked her "What can I do for you?"

She then told him about her mission, and asked leave to visit the hospitals in the city, and any lepers to be found in them. The Prince called the Inspector of Hospitals and gave orders that she should see every place she might wish to see. While in Moscow Miss Marsden called on everyone who might give her help; twice she went to St. Petersburg, a journey of 12 hours by rail. The Empress gave her 1,000 roubles (about Rs. 1,500), and the Countess Tolstoi helped her greatly. One Princess wrote a splendid article for one of the Russian newspapers, and then the German newspapers discussed the matter, and funds kept coming in from all sides. Stores were bought, clothes made, and in a few weeks everything was ready for the perilous, long and unknown journey.

Miss Marsden had entirely woollen underclothing, a loose kind of body with flannel, a very thickly wadded eider-down cloak with sleeves long enough to cover the hands entirely, the fur collar reaching high enough to cover the head and face then a sheep's skin reaching to the feet furnished with a collar which came over the fur one. Then over all come a fur coat of reindeer skin. It almost makes one faint in hot India to bear of such an amount of warm clothing, but in Russia it is barely sufficient to keep life into a person unaccustomed to the piercing cold. Even this was not all the costume! She wore a long thick pair of stockings made of long hair, then a pair of gentlemen's thickest hunting stockings, then a pair of Russian boots made of felt, and then felt gaiters. Then she was provided with a large fur bag or sack into which she could step, and had a number of shawls, rugs and wraps. All this immense load of wool, and fur, and skins to cover a bit of frail and feeble humanity!

From Moscow to *Zlatoust* (a few hundred miles) the journey was accomplished by rail, and thence began the memorable sledge journey to Siberia. At Zlatoust the Government officials all met Miss Marsden, and she was helped into the sledge, no easy matter, loaded as she was with cumbrous clothing. A sledge journey is by no means comfortable, easy, or luxurious. The sledge bumps and jolts over huge lumps of frozen snow, and into holes, up and down waves and furrows made by the heavy traffic, the occupants being banged and pitched about regardless of bruises, and aching limbs and muscles. Then the driver yells constantly, calling aloud above the noise of the ringing of the sledge bells. The remembrance of a smooth railroad seems like paradise after experiencing some hours of this rough treatment. The driver calls his horses "little doves" and "little sisters," but nevertheless slashes them right and left with the whip. At last comes the post station, and you are dragged out of the sledge more dead than alive. The post houses are for the most part extremely dirty, close and hot without ventilation, and full of flees and vermin; there are no servants and travellers, all sleep on sheep's skins and rugs laid in the middle of the floor. As to the refreshment provided, it consists chiefly in what the traveller brings with him, but dry biscuits and a *gloss* of hot tea can always be procured.

In this sledge journey Kate Marsden crossed over frozen lakes, where holes had been cut in the ice and men lay lazily fishing. She passed through dense forests in which she saw many wolves, and through dirty villages where on either side broad streets, were wooden houses, made of the trunks of trees, plastered round thickly with stable refuse. At *Ekaterinburgh* Miss Marsden visited the prison. It appeared to her badly lighted, badly ventilated, and badly kept. The room where the prisoners took their meals was dirty and badly ventilated, and the whole place densely crowded. Is it not much to be grateful for and proud of that in this great Empire of India there is not one prison or hospital that is like the Ekaterinburgh prison, but that all are airy, clean and wholesome, the prisoners well and amply fed, and the sick kindly and carefully nursed and attended to.

Tjumen.

At Tjumen, an old town with long broad streets and several churches generally painted white with green domes, Miss Marsden found the hospital to be the worst she had ever seen:—"But then" she adds "after my experience of clean bright

English hospitals, I am, of necessity, a severe critic." She noticed how little interest was felt in the education of the people. It was common to find but one man amongst two or three neighbouring villages who could read or write.

As day after day the sledge journey continued, there were not wanting exciting incidents to vary the monotony of the bumping and jolting. Several times the harness broke, and the driver left sledge, horses, and traveller alone in the snow, and wandered off some miles to the nearest village for help. Once the horses broke away, and it was past midnight before new ones could be brought from the nearest village, and the dirty post-station reached. At another time the driver brought his sledge into collision with another sledge, and Miss Marsden was shot out into a deep ditch full of snow; then the post-station was not reached until two o'clock in the morning!

Tobolsk.

At Tobolsk Miss Marsden found the prison neat and clean, an agreeable surprise after the other specimens she had seen. As the journey continued the road became worse and worse and Miss Marsden was obliged to stop at Tukalinsk, exhausted from sheer fatigue and want of proper food. She rested until the afternoon of the following day.

Omsk.

At *Omsk* she remained a fortnight, staying with the Governor; the long visit was owing to her ill-health. On leaving Omsk she met gangs of weary men and women and prisoners on their way to exile in Siberia. The soldiers' bayonets glittered round them, and the dismal clank of chains told of their fetters. Any prisoner who attempts to regain his liberty is shot.

An open sledge usually accompanied each party, for anyone who may fall ill on the way. On meeting such a company Kate Marsden used to stop her sledge and taking off many of her wraps would go among them, giving them tea, sugar and Testaments. Some of the women were convicts, and others were accompanying their husbands, from their own choice, into banishment, to be supported at Government expense, taking their children with them.

Tomsk.

On arriving at Tomsk in April Miss Marsden was too ill to visit the prisons immediately, and had to wait for two days, trying to get strength. She went to the Hospital first, and then to the prisons, giving food comforts and Testaments to over 2,000 prisoners. The prisons were in a dreadful state, but Government has now granted a large sum of money for new hospitals and new prisons. Soon after leaving Tomsk the large river Lena had to be crossed. This is a very dangerous undertaking when once the ice has begun to thaw. It cracks and freezes again slightly, so that it is difficult to distinguish between the strong ice and the brittle ice. Many lives are lost every year on these treacherous rivers. The Yenessi, another river that had to be crossed, was very broad; on beginning to cross, the opposite side could hardly be seen. The feelings of a nervous woman may well be imagined, as she ventured on to the *moist* cracked surface.

Krafnoyarsk.

Five hundred miles from Tomsk, Krasnoyarsk was reached. There Miss Marsden exchanged her sledge for a carriage called a Tarantass. A Tarantass has no springs, it runs on wheels, and stands a long way from the ground, so that it is not an easy carriage to get in and out of. The roads were in a fearful condition, full of deep ruts and holes. For a drive of 1,000 miles under such conditions, it was needful to be brave, patient and resigned. Miss Marsden describes the results of this part of her experiences as follows:—"Your limbs ache, your muscles ache. At the end of the first day you feel as if you would like to lie on a feather bed for a week, instead of which you have to go on all night in your conveyance, as the post stations are few and far between. A few days of such travelling renders you semi-unconscious, oblivious of nearly everything, with only one wish left and that wish for one month's rest and sleep."

Irkutsk.

On reaching Irkutsk Miss Marsden was in a pitiable condition, too ill to notice anything. She rested for two days and then called on the Governor. He confirmed all the sad reports he had heard of the lepers at Yakutsk. He was quite eager to help, and consented to form a Committee of influential people at Irkutsk, to arouse sympathy, and obtain help from the merchants of the town for their poor lost brethren in the north. Two Archbishops, the Cathedral priests, State Councillors, and the Mayor of the town met and discussed plans for the relief of the lepers, the Governor presiding at the meeting. They agreed to await Miss Marsden's report of the state of the lepers after she had personally visited them from place to place, before deciding on what measures to adopt.

This meeting took place on the 21st May 1891. Having completed her preparations and being provided with a letter of introduction to the Governor of Yakutsk, Miss Marsden set off from Irkutsk. The first part of the journey was accomplished in a Tarantass, then the river Lena was reached, and the journey was continued by water to Yakutsk. The barge on which Miss Marsden travelled was little better than a raft covered over, intended only for transporting goods between Irkutsk and Yakutsk. She had to

sleep amongst the cargo, and roughed it in every way for three weeks.

Yakutsk.

It was June, twelve months since Miss Marsden had left England. On reaching Yakutsk what was her disappointment and grief when she heard that the Governor had left the town?

The only way to overtake him was to go ashore, and, by a short cut through the forest, reach another point of the river, where, perhaps, she might meet the boat that was taking him away. The master of the barge very promptly offered to escort her. They travelled through miles and miles of dense forest, with only one narrow roadway through it, meeting many of the Yakuts in their strange dress with high sleeves. As they approached the river, they saw an appearance of smoke, as if a steamer were starting. They made their little horses trot very quickly, and on reaching the shore got into the first empty boat they saw. The steamer was going at full speed, but they rowed on bravely. At last they had the satisfaction to see the steamer paddles reversed in answer to their signals. On rowing alongside, the steps were lowered, and on deck the Governor gave Miss Marsden a hearty welcome. His account of the lepers was fearful. He begged her to go to them, and said he had made all necessary arrangements for her before his departure. So after an hour's conversation Miss Marsden left the steamer, and re-entered the leaky little boat. For two hours they baled and baled, the rapid dangerous river only seemed anxious to draw them into its embrace. It was one o'clock at night before they landed, then came the ride through the forest, and at last Yakutsk was reached.

(To be continued.)

Omnibus Mysteries.

[By Miss M. C. Sidgwick.]

I.

WITH my arms full of library books, I struggled into the omnibus, the entrance of which was as usual blocked with outcoming and ingoing passengers. At these moments I am always struck by the resemblance of my fellow passengers to sheep. They blindly push and struggle past each other, the conductor—who plays the part of shepherd—endeavouring to maintain a rough sort of order. But this is by the way. In the melee, something twitched my veil. I put up my free hand instinctively, nearly dropping the books as I did, and sat suddenly down with a flushed face and a crooked hat. "Fares please" said the conductor. I put my hand in my jacket pocket. Horrors! My purse was gone. I glanced round the interior of the omnibus. A woman with a baby sat exactly opposite to me; two men in top hats and elaborate shirt fronts were talking German in the far corner. A lady, three giggling girls and a youth who looked like a tradesman's apprentice, were the other occupants. One of them, however, must be the thief. What was I to do? We were far from my house, and far from my destination, and the books must be changed; for we were off to the country to-morrow. "Fares please," said the conductor again. "I must get out," I said rising hurriedly, "my purse has gone, somebody must have picked my pocket!"

"Where do you want to go to?" he enquired.

"Mudie's!" I replied.

"You can stay where you are, if yer like" he said in a loud voice, and much surprised, I relapsed again into my seat. What a kind man! I looked gratefully at the conductor. I had always heard that they were an honest straightforward race given to helping old ladies and children and directing and guiding their foolish sheep-like passengers. Perhaps my purse was on the floor! I glanced about, but the other people's skirts were in the way. They never offered to help in the search, but continued to stare sadly before them, except the giggling girls and the two men, who continued their conversation uninterruptedly. Well there was not much in the purse, I reflected consolingly, and it was shabby too. Suddenly I remembered that I had no money for the return journey. A cab would be the only alternative. How provoking! "Mudie's," called out the conductor, and the 'bus began to slacken speed. He half dragged, half lifted me into the road running himself the while. There, in a voice which made me jump, he suddenly shouted; "why there's your purse all the while, sticking out of yer pocket!" So in truth it was. The 'bus was already disappearing. I waved a penny frantically in its direction, at which my friend with a magnanimous bow, roared "We'll make yer a present of this fare!" and left me mystified and crest-fallen on the pavement.

But one thing I'm sure of, my purse was not in my pocket when I was in that omnibus.

II.

Gwendoline is always trying to persuade me to go on the top of an omnibus. I hate the top as much as she hates the underground railway. We can't walk far and can't afford cabs, so, the other day, when we were out together, a long

A MALAYALI GIRL.
(See page 119.)

THE PALACE AT PUNGANUR.

way from home, I allowed myself to be coaxed into mounting the horrid thing. Gwendoline is always asking me why I dislike them. I tell her they are crowded, dirty and dangerous: at any moment you may fall off, or have your pocket picked, and then there is the difficulty of getting up, and the nightmare prospect of getting down. Upon this occasion Gwendoline was more than usually obstinate. She chose an empty 'bus, desired the driver to stand perfectly still; and when we were safely on the top, putting me firmly on the inside of the gangway, told me to look straight ahead and I should not feel giddy. All went well, and we enjoyed the ride, till just as we were nearing our destination the rain began to descend. We ran hurriedly down the steps, and were proceeding on our way, when I discovered—it was no surprise—that a tortoise shell card case, that I value very much, was gone. "There," I exclaimed stopping short. "My pocket *has* been picked!" The omnibus was still standing where we had left it. I ran back. The top of it was deserted, save for the conductor, who was coming up the seats with the mackintosh aprons. I hastily explained my loss.

"Nothing here, Miss," he replied, casting a cursory glance around, "it must have been taken off. I should have seen it, you may depend!"

I was sadly descending from the omnibus when Gwendoline met me. "My purse has gone," she cried "let me come up!"

The conductor passed over the top.

"There's nothing 'ere I tell you," he again declared.

"Are you sure," demanded my friend from the kerb stone, where she and I were now standing. She is bold and not easily to be put down.

The 'bus began to move off. The conductor descended and took up his position at the door. "Come and look for yourself if yer like!" he said, throwing his arms wide to signify emptiness. Then suddenly and apparently from nowhere, he produced my card case and handed it to me with a polite bow.

The 'bus drove off, leaving us gaping on the pavement. My friend never got her purse and I am more than ever determined never again to venture on the roof of an omnibus.

"Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to
gentleness."

—*Shakespeare.*

Picturesque Punganur.

A RECENT tour through this interesting and pretty part of the North Arcot District has led me to think that an account of the Zemindari may be of interest to some of your readers.

The name *Punganur* is derived from *Pungamma* who, rumour says, was a poor woman living in the place before the present Zemindar's family came into possession. The lady could not have been very poor, for the story goes that she and her sister built a large tank near the town, and, soon after its construction, this tank breached and all efforts to close it failed, till *Pungamma* jumped into the breach and ordered the people to throw earth around her. She was exalted to the position of a *sakti* for thus sacrificing her life for the public good, and worship is performed in the little temple built to her memory on the bund of the tank. Her spirit is said to have visited the people for some years, and to have talked to them, and lent them jewels, but when one day the jewels were not returned her kindly spirit was naturally hurt, and took flight never to return.

The present Rajah's family is said to have settled in the country as early as the thirteenth century, and to have owned a much larger territory than is now in the estate. The Estate is 648 miles in extent, and runs through the pretty hilly scenery of the Mysore plateau. It is bounded on the west by Mysore, on the north by Cuddapah, east by Chandragiri and Chittoor, and south by Palmanair. The hills on the east are of considerable height, and covered with dense jungle; the finest jungle lies between Avulapalli and Chadambailu, and should give excellent sport. Large game is said to be plentiful, cheetahs and a few tigers are still inhabitants, and until quite recent years elephants were met with in these jungles. A new road from Chittoor to Avulapalli is under consideration, and if this is constructed it would render it far more accessible, and a delightful hunting ground to the keen shikari. The fine scenery is well worth seeing, and of course the climate of the plateau is a treat and refreshment to those whose lot is cast on the plains. Rajah Vira Basava Chikka Rayal succeeded his father in 1894, and has two sons aged 1[illegible] and 9 years. The Rajah manages his estate himself, and is a prudent and kind-hearted ruler, beloved by his people, and always anxious for the improvement

of his lands. The late Rajah, his father, was an able administrator, and a man of many accomplishments. He was especially clever in the manufacture of plaster models of animals, insects, fruits and vegetables. An interesting collection of his handiwork is shown to the visitor in the grand Durbar Hall of the Palace, as well as the fine silver *gadi* which is surmounted by a gilded spread eagle—the Raja's crest. In the courtyard of the Palace, a fine tiger (captured in the Avulapalli jungles) mounts guard in his big cage, and the two African cassowaries (the only specimens of their kind in the country, I believe) are resplendent in their peacock colouring, and ostrich-like size and form. The Rajah's Museum is worthy of a visit, as, amidst a large and varied collection of curios, the most interesting feature is the collection of life-size figures of all castes and types of native life; a veritable Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of the east. The late Rajah conceived the idea, and had all the figures made and dressed locally, and some of them are very realistic, and run the workmanship in the Tussaud collection very close.

The house of Punganur is proverbial for its hospitality. The charming garden bungalow, which is called the *Dilkhushabagh*, or "a garden of one's heart's delight,"—was built by the late Rajah in 1873, and has thrown its doors open to every passing visitor. The wonderful Visitors' Book dating back to 1844, and bearing several interesting autographs, is a faithful testimony to the great kindness and courtesy Punganur has always accorded its guests. The garden and spacious grounds of this bungalow are very striking; the garden was laid out by a skilled gardener in true Italian style, with terraces, pillars, and tastefully arranged flower beds, and the varied collection of trees about the garden afford in themselves abundant enjoyment to the lover of botany, who has the good fortune to visit picturesque Punganur.

E. A. H. C.

THE TWO RETURNS.

1. A quick harsh word did once upspring,
And cross my lips, in Childhood's dreams:
A gentle thought spread out its beams,
And kissed away the poison-sting.

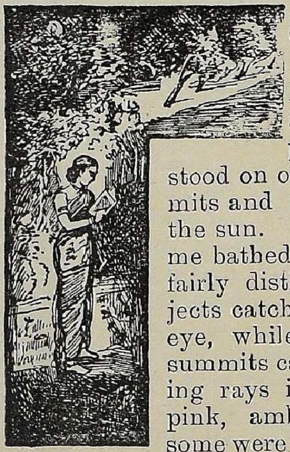
2. My wounded friend I chanced to see
As once, in dreams, he passed me by:
And from the dew-drop in his eye,
My old harsh word came back to me!

A sweet little child I chanced to see
As once, in the fields, I walked apace;
And from the smile that deck'd its face,
My gentle thought came back to me!

MAYA.

Maidenhood.

By an Indian Lady.



ONCE I remember watching a lovely bit of scenery. It was the dawn of day among the blue and purple mountains. I stood on one of the smaller summits and watched the rising of the sun. The valley lay behind me bathed in soft hazy light, yet fairly distinct, with familiar objects catching and arresting the eye, while around me the blue summits caught the sun's ascending rays in lovely hues of rose-pink, amber and crimson. Yet some were in darkness and everything was hazy and indistinct in the morning mist, giving promise of a glorious beauty but undefined and vague. As I stood and watched this beautiful scene, I was reminded of a certain defined stage in a woman's life—that of maidenhood. It is thus she stands at the threshold of glorious womanhood. Her girl-life is behind her —past, already far behind, yet strongly marked and all as it were confined, within limits. Before her lies the promise of life, full of wonderful possibilities, for her to have and to hold, and she stands on the threshold waiting, anxious, yet full of eager, tremulous hope, for the uplifting of the mysterious curtain of the future.

Maidenhood is the most delightful time of a woman's life. The light-heartedness and the unbounded vitality of girlhood is there, but it is just merging into the sweet seriousness of womanhood. The joy of living is not less but one seems to enter on a fuller life. Things have a deeper meaning than yore, and the eyes, that have gazed on deep serious truths, have taken a shade of greater tenderness and understanding for the sorrow of humanity. It is a time, when to most love comes and sheds its radiance and brightness. It is a time when the heart is most susceptible to external influences. The beautiful in nature, say, one of these lovely moonlit evenings, when the sky seems to rain pearly flowers of light and there is a touch of music in the air, or perhaps when one looks on the solitude and grandeur of nature from among the deep-hearted hills, or when some strain of exquisite music seems to reach the very inmost self—such sights and scenes thrill the very depths of one's soul. It is then the maiden heart longs for its twin soul, because it craves for sympathy, fellowship and communion. But the twin soul has taken no definite form. It is

still in the far distance, an ideal that is decked with all the gems of beauty and strength of one's imagination. Alas! for the maiden, when she finds her ideal shattered and the fragments in the dust. Much better to live in unrealizable dreamland rather than sustain a rude awakening and find the musical harp of life, silenced, wrung and snapped.

Maidenhood is a season of culture, when the intellect is strengthened, the will is brought under control and the affections are disciplined. One seems to be so much left to oneself at this period. Even the mother does not seek to enter into the girl's inner life, but leaves her to herself to pass through the fire of life, and perhaps to come out unscathed or to suffer and be maimed. With what preparation is the maiden left to develop into the woman? Some scant education, a few accomplishments, some "select finishing school" perhaps, and the girl has finished her education. She is brought out into society and the marriage market. The parents and guardians are eager that she should make a good match—then perhaps a blank and dreary void, a dumb, dull pain, or else, if she loves deeply and worthily, a delicious dream of love and loveliness. Give your daughters grand ideals and noble teachers, says a grand teacher of humanity. "Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers: appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being, and do you think they will not answer to that appeal and become noble and great women?"

Among us, Indians, the ideal we place before our girls is that of marriage, to them the be-all and end-all of existence. A girl who is unmarried is a disgrace and has no hope of salvation. Custom and tradition are to a great extent responsible for robbing us of our heritage of girlhood and maidenhood. May the time come soon when we shall be able to glory in it and not thus lose one half of our life. Among the Indian Christians, a community which is fast springing up into prominence and influence, we find the same tendency. It is rather a pity to see this because such an ideal alters the whole outlook of life. If a girl does not make a "desirable marriage," she becomes discontented and unhappy, and her luckier friends make it worse by looking down upon her in pity. An able lady writer says that the first notion of a girl is that she must "fall" in love—a sentiment which is fed by the reading of sensational novels and vapid illusions. She mistakes vague sentiments for real love, and sooner or later, these fictitious emotions are magnified into a great sorrow which sheds a gloom on her later years. It is a pity that girls should be brought up to have such unhealthy views of life. Let them have a course of wholesome study. It is true that love is the crown and glory of womanhood, the source of all that is lovely. Yet how few find the real mine? Far better it is to lead a life of "single blessedness," as it is called, than make a hasty and ill-assorted marriage, where love has degenerated into the commonplace and is of the earth, earthy.

It is a custom for "old maidenhood" to be held up to much ridicule and blame. If accepted reluctantly or under protest, it has an ungracious aspect; if an attempt is made to disguise it under a veneer of girlish vitality, and the "mature spinister" decks herself out with all the airs and graces of youth, it is pathetic and pitiable; but, if devoted to thoughtful and kindly deeds, if consecrated by gentleness, cheerfulness and good temper, it is beautiful and noble—a source of generous sympathy and kindliness, the more so, because unhampered by any limiting self-interests. We have read and seen many examples of such noble women; women, who have given their lives to make "the sum of human bliss" a little more, to make the burden of human sorrow a little less.

From the reading of novels and the observation of society around us, we see many different types of maidenhood. There is the commonplace maiden, who can do a "little" of everything,—sing a little, paint a little, embroider a little,—one whose life never rises above a certain level, who has not seen even the reflected glory of high ideals. Then, there is the maiden, who is always on the lookout for "fun" in life. From morning to evening, life is a round of gaieties and dissipation, to end in what—utter weariness of heart and soul or a petty fretfulness, galling to herself and to those around her.

Then again, there is the sporting lady. Games and athletics are her existence. Sport is her theme of conversation. She imitates the dress and "slangy talk" of her men-friends, and thus loses the daintiness and grace of womanhood—our inherited and sole birthright. There is the æsthetic maiden, impressionable and shallow, the musical and artistic maiden, who discourses with amazing assurance upon the canons and rules of art and criticise the old masters and the great masterpieces with all the narrowness of half-knowledge. Then, again we have the religious maiden who, setting aside her legitimate duty, flies from church to church, keeps all feasts and festivals, adores new preachers, and indulges in all the varying sensations of religious emotion; as a contrast to this type we have the maiden, who scoffs at all things, human and divine, to whom nothing is sacred, nothing is holy. These are some of the types, characteristic of the times, when "fun" and pleasure, amusements and flirtations are the fashion of the day, when the great and serious things of

life are set aside. But we are thankful that there are types in contrast to the above—beautiful types of womanly tenderness. courage and love; whom to see or to hear is to love and respect. May loving watchfulness and a standard of high moral influence engender and foster the real grace and beauty of noble womanhood, which is capable of responding to the influence of truth and beauty in the world of art and in the world of nature, but whose chief distinguishing quality is a quick sympathy, a wonderful tendernees for all things human, and a quick under standing and insight into that rarest of all creations, the human heart.

"Then is she like herself fit to be seen
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes."

S. R.

Birds and their Homes.

A COMMON object of man's futile ambition is the power to transport himself from one part of the world to another without the necessity of climbing up mountains, crossing rivers, traversing deserts or being tossed up and down on the billows of the angry sea. Attempts without number have been made to construct balloons or similar contrivances capable of being steered by some ingenious machinery in the teeth of opposing winds. Experiments, which had for their object the invention of some kind of wings which might carry men aloft into the blue heaven, have ever amused our sanguine mechanicians from the time of Dadalus down to our own days. In the desire to participate with the feathered tribes in the power of flight, men have forgotten that they do not share with birds the indispensable requisite of an anatomy suited to the purpose. Man's ponderous frame clings to its native earth; made of the earth it is ever looking down to earth. He is not provided with an organism that would enable him to rise up; whereas every part of the anatomy of the bird is most judiciously calculated for swiftness. Being more or less designed to rise upon air, all its parts are proportionately light, in order that it may spread itself over a surface large in comparison with its weight.

The general form and the body of birds are adapted to rapid motion through the air. Most birds have under their skin great air passages which open into the lungs, and which, when, the bird is moving quickly, do, to a certain extent, the work of supplementary lungs. A careful observer tells us that they also lessen the bird's specific gravity, and in diving birds, which drop from a great height into the sea, they lessen the shock on striking the water. Great spaces in the bones of the birds of rapid flight are also filled with air. Indeed the bird has been well said to be little more than a drift of the air, brought into form by plumes. The air is in all its quills, it breathes through its whole frame, and it glows with air like a blown flame. It rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, and outraces it.

The shape of the body is sharp in front (probably to enable it to pierce and make its way through the air); it then rises by a gentle swelling to its bulk, and falls off in an expansive tail, that evidently helps to keep it buoyant, while the foreparts are cleaving the air by their sharpness. From this conformation, it is often compared to a ship making its way through water, the trunk of the body answering to the hold, the head to the prow, the tail to the rudder, and the wings to the oars.

The feathers, when they begin to grow, are like little grooved pimples upon the flesh that gradually sink down till a hollow is formed, and into this kind of cup, the soft layer under the outer skin sends out fibres, which afterwards form the pith. Round these fibres horny rings begin to form, and it is within these rings that the true feathery barbs, then the shaft, and finally the quill appear, as the feather grows from below.

The quill is fed by an artery running into the pimple. When full-grown it is drawn in at the base, and rests complete and firm in the socket. The position of the feathers is really much to be desired. Lying all one way, they answer all the purposes of warmth, speed and security. They generally tend backward, being laid over one another in regular order, furnished with softest down next the body, and curiously closed externally to fence off the injuries of the weather. Lest, however, the feathers should be spoiled by their violent friction against the air or imbibe the moisture of the atmosphere, birds are supplied with a gland behind, which contains oil that can be pressed out by their bill and laid smoothly over each feather as occasion requires. Each feather is composed of a quill, with its lateral filaments, terminating generally more or less in a point at the extremities of the quills, lying over each other like the tiles of a house, allowing the wind and rain to pass over them with the least possible resistance, and forming a protection alike from heat and cold. In structure, the feathers greatly resemble the scale armour worn by man for very different objects. They are in

fact exactly intermediate between the fur of beasts and the scales of fishes, having the minute division of the one, and the armour-like symmetry and succession of the other, each in its most perfect form.

The wings are usually placed where they can best poise the whole, and answer to the forelegs in quadrupeds. These instruments of flight are provided with quills, which differ from the common feathers, in being very much larger, and also in springing from the deeper part of the skin, their shafts being embedded in the bone. What models of beauty and lightness are the wings of a gull! The bones are composed of the hardest possible kind of bony material arranged in a tubular form, combining the greatest possible lightness and strength. If we examine the wing of this bird we shall find that it is a hollow cylinder; but in order to increase the strength it has many little pillars of bone about the thickness of a fine needle, extending across from side to side. These buttress-like pillars are in themselves very strong, and do not easily break under the fingers. Again, at the top of the bone we shall find two or three holes which communicate with the interior; through these pass tubes which are connected with the lungs, so that when the bird starts for a flight, he fills his wings with air, causing them to act somewhat like a balloon on each side of the lungs.

In order to move the wings, birds are provided with two very strong pectoral muscles, which lie on each side of the breast-bone. By means of these a bird can move its wings with a strength which, in proportion to its size, is almost incredible. I have seen the flap of a swan's wing, for instance, break a man's leg; and a blow has been known to kill a man on the spot. No inventions of human skill are capable of imparting such force to so light an apparatus.

In all birds, except nocturnal ones, the head is smaller in proportion than quadrupeds, and their eyes are more depressed. A circle of small plates of bone is placed scale-wise, under the outercoat of the eye, and is attached to each pupil to defend it from injuries. Birds have also a kind of skin called the *nictitating* membrane with which, as with a veil, they can cover their eyes, though the eyes continue open. This membrane serves to wipe, cleanse, and also to moisten the surface of the eyes. The eyes almost equal the brain in size, while in man the brain is about twenty times larger than the orbit of the eye. The configuration and the special mechanism of the bird's eye render the impressions of external objects exceedingly vivid and distinct, so that the sense of seeing is in birds infinitely superior to that of other animals. A hawk, for instance perceives a lark at a distance which neither men nor dogs could spy, and a kite darts down on its prey with the most unerring aim, from an almost imperceptible height in the clouds. The superiority of the eagle's sight would be realized by man if he were able, when seated in an express train going sixty miles an hour, to distinguish a grasshopper on a grassy bank!

A keen observer calls our attention to the unique adaptations of the beak of the bird, which is not only its mouth, but its hands as well. For, the arms and hands being turned into wings, all it has to depend upon, in economical and practical life, is its beak; which is in fact its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing case; partly also its musical instrument, and besides all this, the beak has to seize and prepare the food, in which function it becomes a trap, carving knife, and teeth all in one. It is this need of the beak being a mechanical tool, which regulates the form of a bird's face, as opposed to a four-footed annimal's. If it were only a question of food, we might wonder why there are not more four-footed creatures living on seeds; or why those that do—the field-mice and the like—have not beaks instead of teeth. But a bird's beak is by no means a perfect eating or food-seizing instrument. A squirrel is known to be far more dexterous with a nut than a cockatoo; and a dog manages a bone much better than an eagle. The beak, however, has to do a great deal more.

Pruning feathers, building nests, and the constant discipline in military arts, have all to be attended to, as well as feeding. Soldiership is especially a more imperious necessity among birds than among quadrupeds. Neither wolves nor lions habitually use claws or teeth in contest with their own species, whereas birds are constantly fighting for their mates, their nests, their hunting grounds, etc. Indeed, their courage is unequalled by that of any other race of animals. They are singularly capable of comprehending danger, and their pertinacity and endurance have in all ages made them an example to the brave and an amusement to the frivolous.

Birds are essentially musical, and, though possessing no external ear corresponding to that visible in other animals, have yet a highly organised ear for music. On gently parting the feathers behind the eye, we may perceive a little orifice with convolutions of delicate skin turned inwards. A writer states that the feathers are so planted round a bird's ears that however ruffled or wet they cannot be driven in, and probably they conduct vibration. Birds have no need to turn the ear to catch stray sounds, as they can turn the whole head wherever they please in the twinkling of an eye. They do not produce their sounds as we do, just below the

back of the mouth, but at the lower end of the wind-pipe, exactly where it divides into two branches, one going to each lung. At this point, where the air rushes most rapidly, there is a complete apparatus moved by a whole set of muscles upon which the bird plays, and his whole body being so full of air, he is not exhausted by his song, however long continued.

The sense of smelling is very acute in most birds, many of them scent their prey at an immense distance, whilst others are protected by this sense against their insidious pursuers.

The legs and feet are both made remarkably light for easier transportation through the air. The toes are in some webbed, to fit them for the water; in others they are separate, for the better holding of objects or clinging to trees for safety. Those that have long legs have also long necks, otherwise they would be incapable of gathering up their food. But long-necked swimming birds like swans need not have long legs.

Every external part is as much adapted to the life and situation of the bird as are the inward organs. Not only are the bones extremely light and thin, but all the muscles, except those which move the wings, are particularly slight and compact. But the muscles of a bird's breast often weigh more than all his other muscles put together, as we see in the flesh or muscle of a pigeon or sparrow's breast. It is this great mass of muscle in front of the breast that works and pulls down the wing, while another smaller one, ending in a cord, passes like a pulley over the top of a bone that draws it up, thus by using these, one after the other, the bird flies. The tail, which is composed of quill feathers, serves to counterbalance the head and neck, and guides the animal's flight like a rudder, while greatly assisting it in its ascent or descent. The wings require to lie and to adhere, as it were, close to the ribs or sides of the chest, consequently the trunk itself is lightened in weight. A bird's lungs are continued into several large air-sacs, which in their turn open into tubes, which actually carry air into the bones, most of which are hollow.

All birds have, properly speaking, one kind of stomach, though it differs much in the various kinds of birds. They are peculiarly formed in those living on animal food, as well as in some of the fish-feeding tribe, the gullet in them being found replete with glandulous bodies which serve to masticate the food, as it passes into the stomach, which is large in proportion to the size of the bird, and generally wrapped round with fat, to increase its warmth and powers of digestion. In the granivorous birds the gullet dilates just above the breast-bone forming itself into a pouch, called *the Crop*. This is furnished with salivary glands, which serve to moisten and soften the grain and other food, which it contains. After the dry food has been masticated, it passes into the belly, where it is ground between two pairs of muscles, called the gizzard, the coats of which, rubbing against each other and against the small gravel and stones swallowed by the bird just for this purpose, grind the hardest substances.

The webbed feet of the swimming birds are the principal agents by which these birds propel themselves through the water, upon the surface of which most of them pass a great portion of their time. Their feet are generally placed very far back, a position highly favourable to their action in swimming and diving, but which renders their movements on land anything but elegant.

Birds are subject to few diseases, but most of them suffer more or less during the moulting season, and many of the weak ones die at the time. No feeding can maintain their strength during this process, they cease to breed, and the nourishment necessary for the production of the young is entirely absorbed by the demand required for supplying the coming plumage.

Birds, in common with all vertebrate animals, except mammalia, produce their young in an incipient state of development, enclosed within a brittle calcareous shell, and are hatched by the heat of the parent's body during *sitting*. Most of the globular yellow mass within, called the yolk, becomes gradually absorbed into the bowels of the chicken for its nourishment.

(*To be continued.*)

R. P. KULANDAI.

FROM CARLYLE'S 'HERO-WORSHIP.'

" Worship of a Hero is transcendant admiration of a Great Man. I say great men are still admirable; I say there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of a man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself?

. . . .

I am well aware that in these days, Hero-worship professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worthwhile sometime to inquire into, is an age that, as it were denies the existence of great men. Show our critics a great man, they begin to what they call 'account' for him. He was the 'creature of the Time,' they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing. This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck, because he would not come when called."

Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—LOVE AND DEATH: A FANCY.

By an Indian Lady.

It was on a lonely hill at night, with the deep stars shining overhead, their glory partially eclipsed by the radiant moonlight. Far away in the distant valley lay the beautiful world, glowing like a lambent ruby in the soft light of the moon—could anything be more lovely?—the star-spangled heavens forming a lustrous canopy enhancing, if it were possible, the beauty of the Earth! But no—all is not at peace; a sad moan rises on the air—the cry of a broken heart, a sore burdened weary soul. A youth is sitting on the top of the hill, his head bowed, his face averted from the world-valley, his whole attitude betokening the intensity of anguish and suffering. The sweet flowers at his feet seem to look up in wondering pity as they receive the pearly tears—the strong silent tears of a *man*. It is the figure of Love—the angel of light. In a moment of deep dejection he had fled from it all—the sin, the treachery, the deceit of mankind, the never-ending sorrow of the world. His spotless robes had often been besmirched, his radiant wings had often been weary, but he had struggled on. But now despondency had seized him. Where was the end? Where was the use of it all? The weary grind went on from day to day. Men and women were sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of utilitarianism. They had left their high ideals behind them. Love was weary unto death—and alas for him, there was no relief! The burden was becoming *almost* intolerable.

Hush, darkness has fallen on the earth. The moon has hid herself behind a cloud. A shadow seems to have fallen on the beautiful world, and everything is "dark, dark, yea irrecoverably dark." There is consternation among the angels. A rustle of wings and Love was surrounded by bright visions of beauty. Hope whispered her sweet consolation and left a sprig of olive in the unresisting hand. Peace laid her gentle hand on the bowed head; and Beauty came and knelt at his feet; without him, there would be no existence for them. But, who was this advancing with such a terrible mien? the earth trembled, the trees shook, the whispering wind seemed to sigh itself into the branches. Love looked up in wonder at this disturbance. Death stood before him, royal in mien, terrible, majestic. "My rival," said he, "thy *tears* have summoned me from my domain. Wherefore this dejection? I, even I, whom the whole creation fears, I fear thee. Without thee life loses its joy and Death its terror. Therefore cease, my *master*, cease thy sorrow. There will be no world without thee, and no life." "Come," implored they all, "come, return to thy haunts, for without thee we are lost, irrevocably lost." As Love heard their sweet speeches, the love-light came back to his eyes and giving one radiant look to his friends, away he sped into the night. The darkness vanished. Everything was suffused with a beautiful radiance: and the world seemed to glow with redoubled light as it fondly received its dear lord and friend.

Nilothpalam.

II.—AN ANSWER TO SULTANA'S DREAM.

By an Indian Lady.

(See "Sultana's Dream" in the September number of this Magazine.)

I DREAMT one night that I paid a visit to "Ladyland. Morning had dawned bright and clear. The streets were gay with festoons of flags and flowers, for it was a procession day and the Queen was intending

to go in state through the city. But the people of Ladyland themselves—at least those who were outside, *i.e.*, the ladies—for who was to know about the men-workers who were in seclusion in *Mardana* inside?—did not seem to be gay. They were gathered together in groups with sad faces and only a few bright figures were flitting about.

Presently the procession came in sight. The Queen—a lovely woman—sat in a flower-decorated white chariot, drawn by two night black, two blood-red and two snow-white horses. Around her was her body-guard—twenty fair, strong, "divinely tall" ladies in pure white dresses with beautiful faces set in the midst of flowing hair crowned with circlets of gold. On the Queen's face was a smile; but it was forced, for where were the happy greetings and cheers which usually greeted her on such occasions? Presently she descended from the chariot; the body-guard closed around her, and she advanced to talk to her ladies. She went to the first group—four or five sullen-faced ladies dressed in shabby old dresses. "What is the matter with you?" the queen asked with a smile, "Why are you not properly dressed to honour me?"

"We are so tired" said one of the women, "with the office work and the political worries; besides what is the use of dressing well? There are no men to admire us."

"Silly creatures," cried the Queen, "Do you always dress to please the men? Look at us. We dress to please ourselves and to satisfy our artistic taste."

She passed on to another group. The women here were sitting with sad tear-stained faces.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked, "Why do you not comfort yourselves?"

"Where are the men to comfort us?" they replied. The men that are in Ladyland are like servants, they are beneath us. The women cannot comfort. We want equal men-friends."

"Silly things," the Queen said again, "Do you not know the women are the better comforters? The *men* always want the women to comfort them. Cannot you have women-friends? Why should you ever seek for men-lovers."

Another group sat with angry faces.

"What is the matter?"

"Matter," said the women. "It is those wretched children. They will not come to us; they will insist on going to the men only; and when reproved they say that the men alone are their nurses and give the most time to them. Of course we have no time, as we are so busy."

"Why have you no time?" asked the Queen. "This is the way with you always. In your leisure hours, why do you not spare time for the children? You are just like the men, who used to come home sullen and tired after business and then do nothing but sit in arm-chairs and growl."

She visited one more group. The ladies here had frightened faces and shrank away when the Queen approached them.

"We are so frightened," they said in answer to her usual query. "There is a rumour that a new enemy is coming with a new force, which is far superior to our concentrated sun-force and rain-drawing balloons. Where can we fight against them. Ask the men."

"Cowards," muttered the Queen, mounting her chariot.

The procession passed on with sad set faces, presently they brightened up; for advancing to meet them was another procession—a gay company of happy singing ladies with flags flying and music playing. They flocked round the Queen with smiles and cheers. The Queen brightened up.

"These are the women who will fight for me," she said. "All are not feeble, weak, admiration-seeking, men-followers. All are not jealous-natured. All are not cowards. There are women and women."

. . . .

It was evening. The men-drudges had finished their work. They had swept out the houses and set them in order; they had done the marketing and cooked the dinner; they had finished their necessary sewing, and now they were minding the babies and playing with the children. One sweet little child of eight years sat on her father's lap and caressed him: "I like you," she said. "You run about so well with me. Mother was angry with me to-day, because I would not go to her and kiss her. She was saying to-day she wished the men would come out to fight; a new enemy is coming, Daddy, with new guns and swords. Will they eat us all up or carry us away?" So on she prattled; but the man's thoughts were far away. The child's words had given him a new idea and that evening there was a secret meeting among the men.

The grand day for the battle arrived. The enemy's army was within sight, a fearsome array. The Queen's army of ladies also was ready; but some of the ranks were wavering and unsteady. The drum rolled out its notes; the band played. The Queen was addressing her warriors.

Suddenly a man came running along. His face appeared to be convulsed with fright.

"The babies are sick," he yelled, "the babies are dying. There is a new epidemic among them. They are crying for their mothers."

With one accord, three-quarters of the warriors threw down their arms and rushed to the houses wringing their hands and crying. The remaining quarter tried to stop them; but it was no use. But *they* stood in good order. "This

is the excuse they just wanted," they murmured. "They were ready at any moment to run away."

But what is this? The enemy was advancing. The sun-force machine was out of order; it would not work. The enemy was coming. What were they to do? But behold! round the corner, with gay strains of music, advanced an immense company of—men? They took their stand on the battle-ground. They rushed upon the enemy; the foe was annihilated. There was no need even of the sun-force.

. . . .

The Council of the Queen was in progress. "So the men are come to the fore again," said the Queen. "But we owe them a debt of gratitude. They saved us at the last moment. What shall we do? What cowards you were," she said, turning to one of her attendants. "Why did you run away so fast? When you knew that the messenger told you lies and that the babies were all right, why did you not come back?" The woman hung her head. "O your majesty," she stammered. "We—we were frightened. And the men told us they would fight. Besides, we ran home so anxious about the babies, and to see them well was too much for us. They were so sweet afterwards, we could not leave them."

"Fools, fools," muttered the Queen.

A mumber of sweet looking women stood up. "Our proposal is," said one of them, "that the men and women should have equal rights. It is selfish for us, women, to take the best, and to make them work. Besides, they cannot do homework well. That is our duty. Let the women do what they are fitted for and the men what they are fitted for. And let us have equal rights in everything."

The Queen was wavering. Then "Sister Sara" stood up and made an impassioned speech all for the women. But the Queen had made up her mind.

"No," she said, "the first speaker was right. The men and women must have equal rights and do each what they are fitted for.

So Ladyland became Gentlemen-and-Lady-land together; and in honour of the new rules there was a gala day. Grand festivities were set in progress;-men and women mingled together, but not as of yore. They were on an equal footing. And never was the land so happy as it was then.

. . . .

And I woke up from my dream.

PADMINI.

III.—SOMETHING ABOUT INDIA AND ITS CUSTOMS.

(*Continued from last number.*)

BY SHAHINDA.

As regards the subject of female seclusion in India, those who rank above peasants or inferior servants, are disposed from principle to seclude themselves strictly from observation; all who have any regard for the character, or honour of the house keep themselves from the eye of strangers, carefully instructing their young daughters to a rigid observance of their own prudent example. Little girls when four years old are kept strictly behind the purdah and when they move abroad it is always in covered conveyances and under the guardianship of a faithful female domestic, who is as tenacious as the mother to preserve the young ladies' reputation unblemished by concealing them from the gaze of men.

The ladies of zenana life are not restricted from the society of their own sex. They are extravagantly fond of company and equally as hospitable, when entertainers. To be alone is a trial to which they are seldom exposed, every lady having companions amongst her dependants, and according to her means the number in her establishment is regulated. Some ladies of rank have from two to ten companions, independent of slaves and domestics, and there are some of the royal families who entertain in their service two or three hundred females of all classes. A well-filled zenana is a mark of gentility, and even the poorest lady in the country will have a number of domestics, if she cannot afford companions. Without which she would be miserable because the habit of associating with numbers has grown up with infancy to maturity. "To be alone" is considered a real calamity. On occasions of assembling in large parties, each lady takes with her a companion besides a number of slaves to attend upon her. This swells the number to be provided for, and, as the visit lasts for days, some forethought must be exercised by the hostess, that all may be accommodated, in such a manner as may secure for her the reputation of hospitality!

The fire-places in an Indian kitchen resemble a stove somewhat—each admitting one sauce pan, the style of cooking requiring no other contrivance. Roast or boiled joints, or a leg of mutton would place the hostess under all sorts of difficulties, when knives, and forks are not understood to be amongst the useful appendages of a meal. The variety of dishes is innumerable and very tasty. A universal favourite dish is

"kubaub," where the meat is bruised, seasoned and cemented into shapes and grilled on fire. The kitchen of a zenana would be inadequate to the business of cooking for a large assembly. The needed abundance in such cases is provided by a professional, several of whom establish themselves in a city. Orders being previously given, the meals are punctually forwarded at the appointed hours in covered trays, each having portions of the several luxurious dishes, so that there is no confusion in serving out the feast at the mansion. Most of the native bread is baked or fried on iron plates. They have countless varieties, rich and plain, some resembling pastry in quality and flavour.

In a large assembly all cannot dine together. They are accommodated in groups of eights or tens, each lady having her attendant to fan her or to hand water or to fetch and carry any article of delicacy from or to a neighbouring group. The slaves and servants dine in parties after the ladies have finished, in any retired corner of the courtyard, always avoiding the presence of superiors. Before anyone touches the meal, water is carried round, for each to wash the hand and rinse the mouth. It is deemed unclean to eat without this form of ablution. This done, the lady turns towards the meal, saying "Bismillah" (in the name of God) and with the right hand conveys the food to her mouth (the left is *never* used for eating) and though they partake of every variety of food placed before them with no other help but the fingers, yet the mechanical habit is so perfect that they neither drop a grain of rice, soil the dress, nor retain any of the food on their fingers. This custom must always be offensive to a foreign eye, and by no means a habit one may wish to copy, yet one cannot, but admire the neat way in which it is manipulated. Water scented with rose or *Kema* is the only beverage, and this is served in silver or metal cups, "fiatorah" as they are called Some of the delicacies are served in earthenware by choice, the flavor being more esteemed, and the dainty enjoyed with much more relish.

The early meal so common in Europe has never been introduced in Eastern circles. Their meal is a good substantial dinner at 10 or 11, after which follows *pan* and *hooka* as the case may be, and to this succeeds a good long sleep, provided it does not impede the duty of prayer, for which the pious would give up every indulgence which would prevent them from discharging this duty. The second meal follows at night.

A desert immediately after meals is considered unwholesome, and the European practice is deemed extremely injudicious. Such is the difference of customs.

The "hooka" is almost in general use with females. It is a common practice with the lady of the house to present the hooka she is smoking to her guest. This mode of attention is duly appreciated, but such is the deference that a son may rarely be persuaded by an indulgent father or mother to smoke a hooka in their revered presence. This feeling originates not in fear, but in real genuine respect. This is one among the habits of patriarchal life for persons who follow the patterns they are taught to venerate The hooka, as an indulgence or a privilege, is a great definer of ettiquette. In the presence of a ruling chief, no subject however high he may be in rank and blood may presume to smoke. The application of the mouthpiece to the mouth indicates a sense of the honour conferred.

The 'Sarah Tucker' College.

In the second year of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine*, we gave an account of the Sarah Tucker College. The short history of its foundation and growth is most interesting. We are glad to see that this College is doing very well now, that its growth is increasing, instead of decreasing. The last Annual Report was an encouraging one. This extract mentions the results of the examinations :—

In the Peter Cator Scripture examination nineteen entered and all, except one, obtained certificates. The fact that all our *six* girls passed the F. A. examination was a great delight to us. We are glad to hear that Miss Lucy David, the only one of our F.A.'s. who failed last year has this year succeeded, and that our old student Miss L. Cornelius has passed her B.A. In the Matriculation, five passed out of nine. In the Lower Secondary, fourteen out of twenty-four in English and ten out of thirteen in Tamil, passed, while the thirty-one Primary girls all passed. Four of the blind boys and one blind girl also passed the Primary Board examination, one blind boy taking full marks in Arithmetic. We are glad to report that our one second-grade collegiate, and three Upper Secondary training girls, all passed the written test, and though the results of the practical test are not yet gazetted, we hope they have done well in that too. Out of thirty-one girls in the Lower Secondary training class seventeen passed the written test, and of the nine in the Primary Grade six passed.

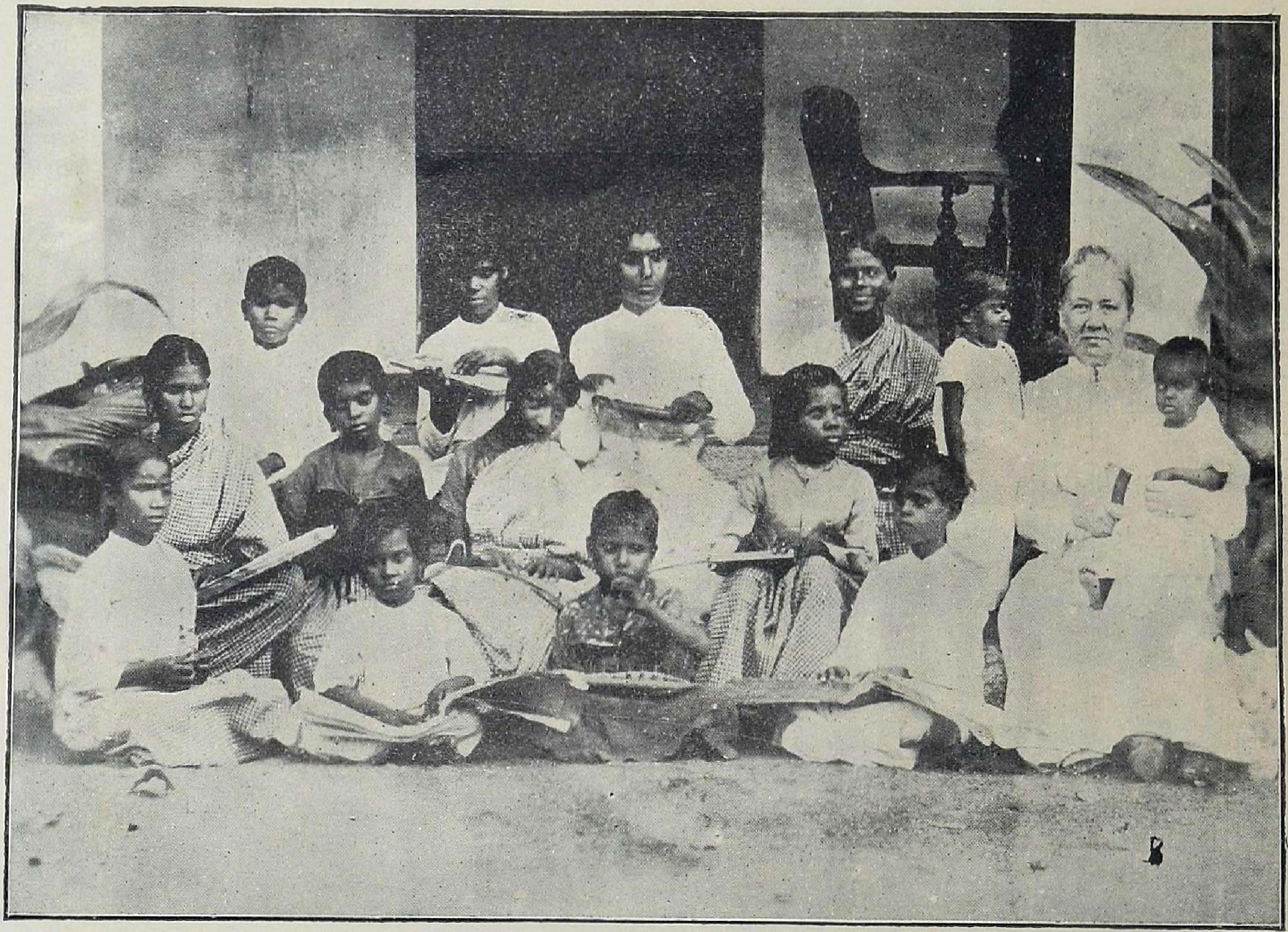
The Blind School continues to grow both in the boys' and girls' departments Our youngest little inmate is a small blind Singalese girl, brought from Ceylon, who is still in arms. Six of the blind boys and two of the blind girls, including the little girl just mentioned, have recently been baptised, five other little girls from Hindu villages were baptised at the same time.

SARAH TUCKER COLLEGE.

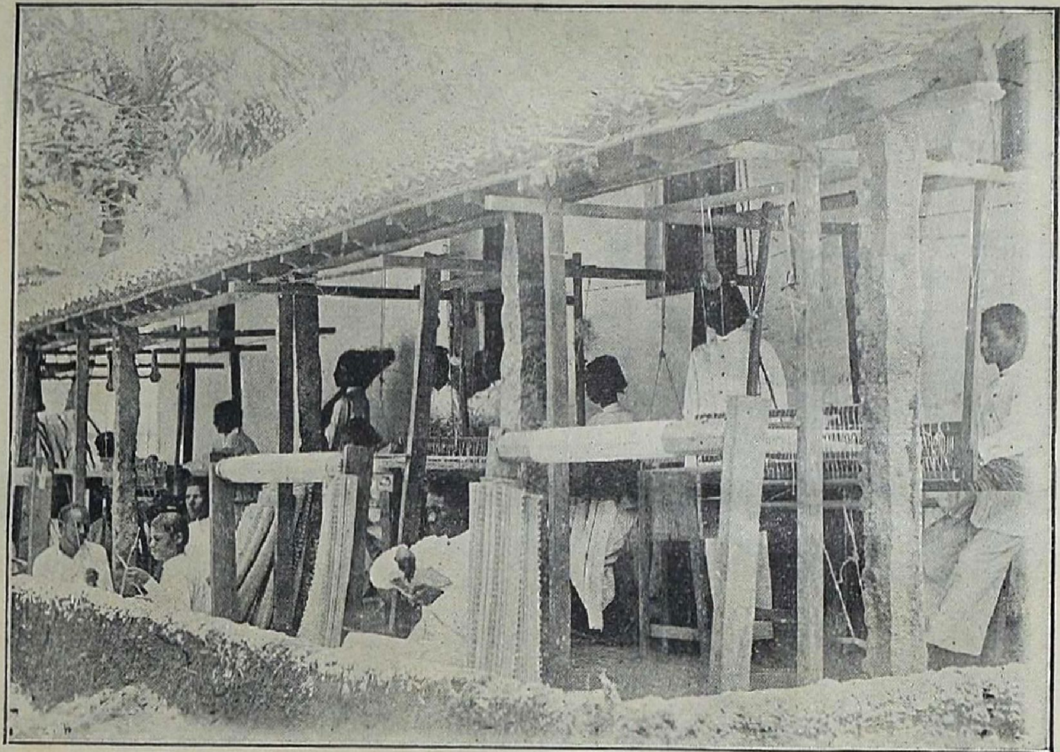
A successful F. A. Student, and a Student who has passed the second Collegiate Grade Teachers' Certificate Examinations.

SARAH TUCKER COLLEGE.

A Group of Girls.



SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.



WEAVING BY THE BLIND.

The forty-three Branch schools chiefly for Hindu children in the towns and villages all round, and the boarding schools at Nallur and Suviseshapuram for Christian children, are going on satisfactorily.

We give a photo of two of the students:—

Miss Y. Thangarathnam, who appeared for the second collegiate grade teachers' certificate has been successful, and she is now a teacher in the college. One of the six successful F. A. students of this year, Miss Jebavathi, has entered on the same course, and is showing very good ability in teaching.

The second picture is a group of some of the girls, who have been adopted by friends in England. Miss Askwith says of them:—

I must plead also for support for more of these elder S. T. C. girls. As Government has turned its attention again to Primary education among the lower classes, the scholarships that we have been enjoying in the High School will not be as many now as they were, and our school fees will again have to be raised. There are many of the children of the mission agents and poorer Christians with us who are not able to pay any more than they are doing now, and yet they are the very children we wish to educate.

Where the girls can pay their small fee, £3 a year in addition will be quite enough, but the full support of a girl in the High School is £5. It will be noticed that this year I am making very special requests for the support of our dear children, and it is because we need more help in this way than in any other part of our work. I very often have to refuse to admit children because they are not able to pay fees, and yet it is the saving of many to come to our mission schools. Even if you cannot give £5, 4 or 3, still if you can send us something towards the support of our children, please send as you are able, and though you may not be able to have the whole of a child, you can have a share in the support and bringing up of one of these dear young people.

The two other pictures are of the blind school.

The Sarah Tucker College is for the education of our women. As such it deserves the support of all, for should not education, which is the developing of every faculty of the mind, be one of the chief aims of the nation? Mere education is not the object of this institution. It aims at the formation of strong, Christian characters; and, as even Hindus admit, a true Christian character is one of the most perfect of characters, if not the most perfect. The Sarah Tucker Institution is "like a family of bright, happy and intelligent children." The concluding words of Miss Askwith's report gives us the chief aim of the College.

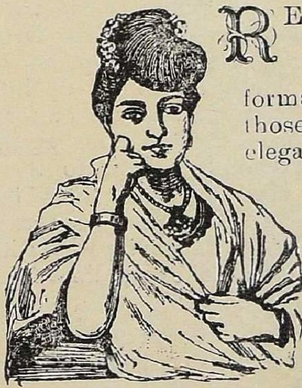
It has been said that a hopeless Christian should be an anomaly, and so it always seems to me that a Christian school should be the most hopeful work in the world—*hope* that weak characters may become strong—*hope* that bad habits may be conquered. Hope is the happiest atmosphere to work in, and as it seems to me, the strongest incentive to success—hope for still more earnest work, hope for strong all-round characters. And Christian hope has a way of getting what it hopes for, for it is strengthened by faith and warmed by love.

'It never falters, nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits
Till all that it foresees, it finds
Or what it cannot find creates.'

Longfellow.

May hope then, ever like a bright star, guide all institutions actuated by such noble purposes.

The craze for jewels among Malayali women.



REPUGNANCE to things that are gaudy and clumsy and the formation of a taste for those which are simple and elegant are wholesome tendencies, that are to be noticed among English-educated Malayali women. These tendencies are especially seen in the numerous improvements which have been effected in their dress and ornaments in the course of the last decade or two. Large and heavy ornaments are giving place to neat, dainty little ones; and many an educated Malayali lady may now be seen donning the graceful dresses resembling those worn by Parsi and Indian Christian ladies. These are salutary changes, which should be welcomed by every true lover of Malabar.

I am, in this short article, chiefly concerned with a particular weakness noticeable among uneducated Malayali women, (and these form the majority), *viz.*, an inordinate desire for jewels. Every careful observer will have noted the fact that, in many of the rich and middle-class families of Malabar, women are lavishly provided with costly and unnecessary ornaments. While many parents grudge to pay the paltry sum of two or three rupees a month to get their daughters educated in a girls' school, they do not hesitate to spend hundreds of rupees on ornaments. Any suggestion made to an uneducated mother who keeps her daughters in a state of ignorance at home, that part of the money spent on ornaments should be utilised for the education of her children, would be extremely revolting to her feelings, and anybody who ventures to make such a suggestion would be hated by her. In most cases, large sums of money are spent on heavy, ill-made and tawdry ornaments. The

usual gold ornaments as *thōdā* (an ornament for the ear), *elakathāli* (a sort of collar), *Madakathāli* (a kind of necklace), *Muzhavala* and *Kothia vala* (bangles), to mention only a few, are generally large and clumsy and, instead of adding to the charm of the wearer, greatly detract from her comeliness. *Thodā* is a convexo-convex-shaped ornament, the diameter of which generally measures 2 in. and 2 ½ in. A wide aperture is to be made in the lobe of the ear to enable such an ornament to rest in it. The lobe is first pierced with a needle, and a small hole is made. The process of widening this hole is extremely painful. A kind of thorn is passed through the orifice and for days it is kept there; the lobe begins to swell and the girl suffers considerable pain. The thorn is not removed till a fairly large hole is formed. Palm leaves or thin plates of lead (about ¾ in. in width) are rolled up into coils and are thrust into it. This goes on for a number of days before the gold ornament is worn. Many girls calmly submit to these painful process in the hope of their becoming one day the proud wearers of *thoda*. Such girls can have hardly any sympathy with the idea contained in the following lines from Browning :—

> How could you ever prick those perfect ears,
> Even to put the pearl there ! Oh, so sweet !

On festive occasions, girls may be seen wearing a number of heavy ornaments. It has come to the knowledge of the writer of this article that some girls on marriage occasions actually fainted through the oppressive weight and choking sensation felt by the wearing of such ornaments. While so much attention is being paid to adorn their body with costly ornaments, it is a great pity that proper care is not taken by them to cover their body decently.

Many mothers, when they seek brides for their sons only enquire if their would-be-daughters-in-law have been richly dowered with ornaments by their parents. They do not care to ascertain if they have received any education. That is of no importance in their eyes. Jewels ! Jewels ! these have a bewitching influence on them and are more valued by them than education. Such a state of things is really lamentable. It rests on all educated men and women of Malabar to exert their best to remove this failing on the part of their uneducated sisters. They should protest against the reckless expenditure on costly and unnecessary ornaments, and should direct them to spend their money liberally on education on which expenditure is so grudgingly bestowed now. The hankering after jewels should be crushed, and in its place, a desire to possess that most precious of all ornaments, culture allied with character, ought to be created in their minds. I pray that Malayali women may be alive to their weakness, and that the day may soon come when they may value culture more than jewels.

The following story (the substance of some verses contributed by Mr. Murkoth Kumaran of Calicut to a recent issue of *Rasika Ranjini*, a high class Malayalam monthly published at Ernaculam) will throw light on what has been written above :—A certain Malayali gentleman had a wife who used to trouble him often for jewels. One morning he called her and addressed her thus :—Look here ! Mathavi ! my dear ! please fetch me that *Chānā* (a circular piece of stone weighing about 5 lbs.) from the verandah. I have just had my bath and want you to prepare a little sandalwood-paste to smear on my forehead." His wife on hearing this became very angry and said that it was very cruel of her husband to have asked her to handle with her tender and lovely hands such a heavy thing. " My velvety fingers will redden if I lift that stone. And will it not pain you to witness that sight ! Oh ! cruel ! cruel you are," she repeated. The husband admitted that he was in the wrong and begged her to forgive him his rash and hasty words. He had a sort of contemptuous smile on his face when he said these words. He wanted to play a practical joke on her. Her excessive love for jewels occurred to his mind. He summoned the neighbouring goldsmith and related the above incident to him. The *Chānā*, without the knowledge of the wife, was entrusted to the goldsmith who was asked to overlay it with a coating of gold and to make it look like a pendant. This was done ; and one morning when the husband and wife were seated in the verandah chatting with each other, the goldsmith brought the ornament wrapped in a piece of cloth. After making his obeisance he announced that he had a fine gold pendant for sale. The wife started at the mention of the ornament and asked the goldsmith to place it before them. " Splendid ! this is just the thing I want ! " she remarked, and turning to her husband requested him to purchase it at any cost. The husband after a careful examination of the ornament said :—" The workmanship is really fine ! But, I am afraid it is so heavy that the weight will crush your delicate body." The wife, in that moment of rapturous joy, lifted the ornament and suspended it on her chest. Although she felt the weight of it, she simply said, " And you say this is heavy, certainly not ! this is extremely light ! See how well it adds to my beauty. Do purchase it ! dear !" The husband and the goldsmith, meanwhile, were chuckling to themselves. " Well ; let me see the ornament" the husband said. The pendant was handed over to him, and he, handling it for a while, asked the goldsmith to

break it open. The goldsmith did so, and lo! what was inside! the *Chânâ* which the wife had refused to lift, saying that it would bruise her fingers! The wife's face became pale, and then a whole blush. The husband only uttered the following words—"You, woman, will be prepared to carry on your body even a baby elephant, if it is coated with gold."

T. K. Ramunni.

The Regeneration of India.

MUCH has been and is being said in the public press and on platforms, by way of suggesting means and measures to ensure the regeneration of India. This implies that India is going down day by day or has gone down considerably from its original position of eminence in the scale of nations. The regeneration of India has necessarily to be on all lines, viz., physical, intellectual, moral, religious, and spiritual; it being taken for granted, that such an improvement will enable India to rise politically and socially. As we analyse the several means and courses which are suggested by Indians individually and collectively, it will be evident that what is wanted is the best ideal in the several branches of life individual and social. Any given question must be solved in the light of promoting or retarding the realization of the ideal set before the nation as the goal to be achieved. In seeking for ideals, we have always to look back upon the great men and women, that have in the past contributed more or less to the uplifting of humanity in different spheres of life. There have been many such personages in India and elsewhere, the memory of whose example very often prompts us to exclaim that our country would be highly benefited, if we could only have now amongst us half a dozen or a dozen of such brilliant characters scattered over the vast empire. The reason we associate the names of such persons with the means to do good to the country is that they had one and all of them developed in themselves one or more special characteristics, which raised them in their time to a position of eminence. A study of such characteristics then must enable us to form our ideals. It is too much to expect our countrymen, in these days of keen competition for bread-winning, to acquaint themselves with all the details of the lives of the illustrious personages of the past. Personally I would not advocate such a course, as such lives or biographies would in the most part be dry and would only serve to stuff our brains with unnecessary details of a routine nature. What we would most appropriate therefore is, I venture to suggest, a study of the character sketches of eminent men and women. These must be written in a popular style and represent the chief features which we wish to set up as ideals, in such a manner as to convince the reader that they are drawn from actual life and can be practiced in conjunction with the daily occupation of individuals. These character sketches, I may be permitted to point out, without casting any slur upon others, will be a very good set-off against the odious fictions that are produced now-a-days and that are placed in the hands of young men and women to infuse into their brains newfangled ideas of society, morals and character. I believe my worst critic will grant that it is better to draw ideals from past lives of different nationalities, than to indent upon the fertile, or perhaps, frenzied, imagination of ordinary fiction writers.

One point that I wish to bring to the notice of your readers in this connection is the fact that once we grant that the regeneration of India depends upon the ideals of character aimed at by individuals, it becomes a highly responsible duty to select the ideals. The selection ought not to be left in the hands of unscrupulous and irresponsible fiction-writers. Turning to the religious aspect of ideals, I may mention that we, Hindus, believe that the character of children to be born depends on the ideals worshipped by the parents and that the ideals of the parents take practical shapes in their progeny. One step further, and we also believe that the parents draw into themselves such souls as are sympathetic to their thoughts and feelings, and also that high-minded souls whom the parents worship, take their re-births in such families. In this manner we believe that we can produce in our families the best devotee of God, the best musician, the best artist, the best warrior, the best reformer, etc.

Under these circumstances I venture to hope that our countrymen will endeavour to place in the hands of the younger generation and especially those of the womankind, good character sketches for serious study, instead of vapid novels for cursory perusal as a time-filling occupation. One author of the kind I have in view,—Mr. Swaminatha Aiyar, Editor of the *Arya*, who gives beautiful character-sketches of some men past and present in two volumes called *Mahajanamandali*.

K. V. Subramanium.

THE NIGHT-WIND.

(By J. L. S.)

With half-heard echoes, blown from far,
Of music sweet, not made by man
With tidings from the farthest Star,
No human intellect can scan,
With mingled hints that haunt the brain,
Of Love and Life and Death and Time,
To mystic harps a mystic strain,
The Night-Wind sings his ancient rhyme.

At the sweet murmur of his breath,
Forgetful of earth's busy hum,
From out the grim abodes of Death,
The dead appear to rise and come
And whisper secrets to the breeze,
Of bale or blessing, while the heart,
That listens wistful, knows from these
What joy or grief it did impart.

O'er silent moor and sleepless main
He sweeps with music softly strong,
Girdling the great earth with a chain
Of notes of Nature's undersong ;
And wakeful ears that hearken still
Would catch the fleeting, grand refrain :
But swiftly dawns the day to fill
The weary mind with musings vain.

Oh, could I, but for one brief hour,
With thee my Spirit mix, and fly,
Borne by the magic of thy pow'r,
Glorious like thee, 'twist earth and sky,
I should, perhaps a bliss, attain
That would abide unto the last,
Though, thence, the lot of human pain
Should seem more bitter and more vast.

Marriage Dowry.

THE custom of a bride's father giving dowries to bridegrooms is spreading among communities in which it did not previously exist; and, in communities in which it did exist already, the amount is rising, especially when the bridegroom attends a school and has a smattering of English, though it is quite possible he may end his days as a clerk on a paltry salary. Further, if the girl is ill favoured and is born under a star which is unlucky to father-in-law, mother-in-law or brother-in-law, a much larger amount has to be paid to dispose of the ware! It is no wonder therefore that the birth of a daughter is regarded as anything but a blessing. It is not, however, likely, that the custom will be changed for a long time to come. Consequently, one may welcome a small reform that has been effected in this part of the country in turning the dowry to the best account. The educated girls—and they are in greater demand now-a-days, which is a silent testimony to the value of education, though unhappily the expense of educating them is not taken into account in reducing the amount of the dowry—the educated girls, I say, are generally content with a very few ornaments, though of the prettiest kind and the greater portion of the dowry is laid out at interest. If in some cases the girls take some delight in ornaments for some time after their marriage, yet they dispose of the major portion of their ornaments as soon as they become mothers and lay out the proceeds at interest, so that it may be available in educating the children or in providing dowries to girls that may be born. This small reform has been silently effected by the education of girls who can understand the value of money. The difficulty of providing larger and larger dowries, when it is becoming more and more difficult to earn one's bread, has also silently effected another reform in reducing marriage expenses.

I mention these reforms, small as they are, so that they may meet the eyes of the people in districts, where the evil of giving high dowries is not mitigated by other reforms.

PATERFAMILIAS.

"Happy, if full of days—but happier far
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,—
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sovereign we were born to obey."

Cowper.

Editorial Notes.

A Volume of Poems by Sarojini Naidu.

It will greatly interest our readers to learn that our Indian poetess, Sarojini Naidu, who has been kindly contributing so many charming lyrics and songs to our Magazine, has at last consented to get her songs together in a little volume called 'The Golden Threshold.' Not only will this book of poems be a 'revelation of an Eastern mind and temperament,' but it will also be the expression of a truly poetic soul, who tries to make her poetry the true expression of her inmost thoughts. She has a great horror of false sentiment and cant; she tries to keep away from all tinsel and glitter. None of those who read her poems can deny that they satisfy us in that respect. They ring true to the ear. Real inspiration is in much of her poetry; and there is scarcely one of her poems of which the technique and the rhythm and rhyme is not perfect. The thoughts are beautiful, the language is charming. We welcome this new volume with great interest and look forward to the reading of it with much pleasure.

Women in Dravidian Literature.

"A Hindu" has contributed to the columns of the *Madras Mail* an interesting article on "Some Tamil and Telugu Poetesses." He has brought out the remarkable fact that while Sanscrit Literature even in its golden age, when we find it recorded that more than one woman of culture and intellect existed and was admitted to the councils of the learned, does not seem to have been enriched by the poetical compositions of women, yet several women figured prominently in Dravidian Literature till a comparatively recent date. More than five hundred years ago, there lived in Southern India a singularly unfortunate lady—Valluvidiyar—who described her poignant feelings in verse. Only 14 of her verses have survived, but they have earned for her a place of considerable eminence among the Tamil authors. To her did the great Auviyar, whose name is a household word in the Tamil country, owe her inspiration. A thousand well-known verses have been traced to this gifted woman, and in consequence of this she has been called "the mother of a thousand sons." Her poetry is strikingly simple and direct, though not wanting

in touches of imagination, humour or pathos. The best known of her poems are *Attichchudi* and *Konraivendan* which contain wise maxims and rules of moral conduct pithily expressed, and are taught to Tamil children as soon as they can lisp their mother-tongue. Another distinguished poetess of the south was Bhutappandyandevi, the consort of an important ruler of Madura. A few specimens of her composition are still extant and are reckoned among the most touching poems in Tamil Literature. Among the minor poetesses must be mentioned two daughters of Pari, a petty chief who ruled at Tirukoilur and was a contemporary of Auviyar. After the fashion of the time, the two sisters composed verses jointly which are to be found scattered here and there over various anthologies.

Of the Telugu authoresses, Molla was the earliest as well as the greatest. It is probable that she lived about the beginning of the seventeenth century. She wrote the story of Rama in 720 verses and that is the only work of hers that has been preserved. Even the orthodox critics who are accustomed to assert the inferiority of woman's intellect acknowledge that Molla's *Ramayanam* is entitled to a foremost place among the classics of Telugu Literature. Madina Subhadrayamma was another authoress who was born in 1781, but died before her powers reached their full maturity. Tharigonda Venkamma was still another Telugu poetess who composed her verses about 1840. Two of her works are current, *Venkatachalamabatmyam* and *Rajayogasaram*, and they are remarkable for depth of devotional feeling and chasteness of diction.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

A Hindu widow of Lahore has given away in charity landed property of considerable value for endowing a Sanskrit Patasala.

—The Patiala Educational authorities have made a new departure in the matter of female education. Respectable people being opposed to sending their grown-up daughters to public schools, arrangements have been made for giving instruction to such girls at their homes. They will be taught the three R's, needle-work, etc. On any respectable resident applying and stating that at least ten girls in his district can collect in one house to receive instruction, a teacher will be told off to give lessons for two hours a day.

—His Excellency Lord Lamington opened on the 26th ultimo the Hindu Widows' Home, being the first of its kind in Poona, built at Hingoni. His Excellency was received by Dr. Bhandarkar, Professor Karve and the Committee. Young girls sang a song of welcome to His Excellency, after which Dr. Bhandarkar explained the objects of the Home, and said that it provided for Hindu widows who cannot, for fear of excommunication, remain in the Asylum. Such an institution was wanted and also a school where they could be trained to be useful. Some, he hoped, they would presently be able to send forth to the world as teachers, midwives and nurses, and contribute in some way to the lifting up of their Hindu sisters in general. Already ten widows have been trained by the Society who are serving the State as teachers, living useful, independent, respectable lives. The Home would be able to supply a number of teachers if only the State and the outside public would afford opportunities.

His Excellency said :—"I am glad that you have given me the privilege of visiting this institution. I have heard the remarks made by Dr. Bhandarkar, in which the admirable objects of this institution are set forth. I suppose that none would gainsay that, however great may be the merits of the caste system, it imposes hardships on individuals. There cannot be even a comparatively nobler purpose or more truly philanthropic object than to try to give a life of greater meaning and greater scope for those who are widowed in a very early part of their life. It is interesting to learn that this is the only institution of its kind and that it commands the respect and admiration of those who are concerned in the welfare of the Hindu community. I congratulate those who are responsible for the working of this institution on the excellent curriculum which is laid down. The course prescribed is suited to individual characters. It is not a general one. Each individual character is looked to. The course not only gives them a good secular training, but also training in the ordinary duties which belong to their future life. This site I learn was given by Rao Bahadur Gokhal. It is some distance from the city, and on that account has the benefit of fresh air and good sanitation, which I hope will keep it from the terrible plague. I entirely endorse the remarks made by Dr. Bhandarkar. Had my wife been in India, she would have been here today, and I would like to express her and my sympathy by giving a donation to the funds. In conclusion, I congratulate those who are interested in this movement, and who I hope will forward and extend their sympathy by increasing the numbers of inmates from those who are deprived of their natural protection."

Mrs. Kashibai Devodar, the Lady Superintendent, thanked His Excellency for his visit and kind remarks.

—His Excellency, Lord Lamington, visited the Mahratta Female Training College and High School for Girls on the 29th ultimo. He was accompanied by Mrs. Du Boulay and was received by Rao Bahadur Patwardan, the Honorary Secretary, and other officials, including Mrs. Susan Sorabjee, the Lady Superintendent. His Excellency minutely inspected the classes, watching the children at their various occupations, and making many enquiries as to the teaching. The guests were presented with flowers, after which Rao Bahadur Patwardan thanked His Excellency for the visit, expressing regret at the absence of Lady Lamington. His Excellency said that what he had witnessed had given him great pleasure and he was glad to find such useful practical instruction being given to pupils in these institutions, under the charge of Mrs. Sorabjee.

—The Trustees of the Central Hindu College, under the support of Mrs. Annie Besant, are erecting buildings in and around the College for the working hands who are engaged in various offices appertaining to the College, printing press, Theosophical Society, &c. A new girls' school has been opened and a covered carriage is sent round the city to bring in girls from respectable families who have cheerfully responded to the call of this noble and philanthropic lady whose solicitude and earnestness for the regeneration of our young generation, will, at no distant future, surely bear out results that will be beneficial to all concerned. Mrs. Annie Besant should be congratulated on the success with which she is carrying out her benevolent plans.

—Miss Victoria Thomas, Miss Mary Isaac and Miss G. Parukutty Amma, have come out successful in the Theoretical Examination of the London College of Music held recently at Trivandrum.

—Our readers may remember the suggestion of the Female Education Committees of the United Provinces on the formation of local committees of Indian gentlemen to determine ways to popularise the cause of female education. Madras seems to have taken up the suggestion readily. A committee has been organised under the name of the Hindu Girls' Education Association. Its objects are—To induce parents and guardians of girls to send their female wards to school; to visit girls' schools and make such suggestions as they think fit; to supplement the efforts of the Educational Department by providing funds to open classes for teaching, music and singing, etc.; to take such other steps as the Association may think fit to promote female education. A monthly subscription of Rs. 25 has already been promised. A bright beginning indeed.

—Mr. Zafar Omar, Private Secretary to Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, in a letter to the Allahabad daily, details the practical measures adopted by Her Highness in the futherance of female education. The following summary of the same will be read with interest: A school was founded by Her Highness on the 28th May last on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of her accession to the *Masnad*. This school is meant for widows and destitutes, so that they may be able to earn an independent living by learning some useful profession, chiefly needlework. Her Highness the Begum has made a generous grant of Rs. 150 a month to the school, while Sahebzada Hamidulak Khan, Her Highness's youngest son, has contributed Rs. 50 a month from his private *jagir*, and Colonel Obaidullah Khan, Her Highness's second son, who opened the school, has come forward with a subscription of Rs. 1,000, besides a permanent grant of Rs. 10 per month. Her Highness has established a separate school for the girls of respectable families, which is named the Sultania Girls' School. It is situated in a building adjoining the palace and is personally looked after by Her Highness. There are at present 107 girls in the school, and a number of *purdah* carriages and maid servants are provided by the State for bringing girls from their homes to the school. Reading, writing, Persian, arithmetic, besides theology, form part of their study. There is another institution called the Victoria Girls'. School, which has greatly increased in popularity and usefulness during the present rule's *regime*. Girls are taught reading and writing, supplemented by arithmetic, embroidery and needlework. Theology and reading of the Quoran is also included in the course for Mohamedan girls. A number of articles prepared by the students of the school were exhibited at the female section of the Mohamedan Educational Conference held at Lucknow last, and several prizes were secured. Her Highness's interest in female education is not limited to the girls of her own State. She has given a practical proof of her interest in female education by making a handsome endowment of Rs. 34,000 towards the support of the school for female education, which is to be founded at Aligarh.

—The first anniversary of the Ladies' Association, at Masulipatam started last September, was celebrated on the 18th ultimo in the Lady Ampthill Girls' School under the presidency of Mrs. Mutnury Kistnarow, a talented Brahmin lady. Several ladies were present on the occasion. The proceedings consisted of music, speeches, congratulatory verses, distribution of fruit and sweets to school girls, and the exposition of Rajah Ram Mohan Roy's life so far as it relates to females. It is interesting to note that there were 24 members on the rolls, who met

twice a month in the school building kindly placed at their disposal by the authorities and read papers on instructive subjects and spent some time in music and conversation. The subscriptions during the year amounted to Rs. 48, leaving a balance of Rs. 18. It is interesting to learn from the report that a circulating library with all the Telugu newspapers and periodicals will be inaugurated from next year for the use of members and that steps have already been taken to collect books. The Association is under a deep debt of gratitude to Rajah M. Bhujang Row Pantulu Garu of Ellore, Rao Bahadur Veerasalingam Pantulu Garu, P. Bhramandarow Pantulu Garu, R. Venkatasivudu Pantulu Garu of Vizianagaram, and K. Sundaramma Garu and others, and it hopes that other gentlemen will accord the same liberal help. The Association had the benefit of hearing the Kathas of Mr. A. Somanatharow, the devoted Missionary of the Arya Samaj, from the author himself, besides Mr. Kouta Sreerama Sastry, an earnest worker in the field of Social Reform, and Mr. P. Seetharamayya who has consecrated his life to the services of his country. The Kathas—the biographies of patriots—written as they are in verse and song, in a lucid style according to modern tastes, and expounded in a masterly manner, have become very popular in these parts and attract large audiences. The Association proposes to accord a prize of Rs. 6 to the girl who secures the highest pass in the Primary Examination this year. It gives us much pleasure to state that the year under review is one of progress ; and all honour is due to those ladies—Mrs. P. S. Ramachandriah, Mrs. A. G. S. Nagabhushanam, Mrs. V. Suryanarayana Rao, who by their constant help, advice, and unflagging interest, have made the Association what it is today, watching its progress ever and anon. It would be unfair on our part to close the report without a word as to the Secretary. It is impossible for the Association to find a more loyal, a more devoted, and a more earnest and active Secretary than T. Singamma, who is not only the Secretary but the " soul " of the Association. In her are centered the elements of a great worker for whom there has never been a greater demand than now, and we earnestly hope to see her one day consecrating her life to the service of her sisters and pleading their cause with all the earnestness and enthusiasm that are so peculiar to her.

—The meeting of Bengali ladies in support of the *Swadeshi* movement, held at the Mary Carpenter Hall, on the 21st ultimo was a great success. Invitation letters to ladies of all sections of the Bengali community had been issued by the Maharani of Nattore in the name of the Mahila Samiti, and the result was that about a thousand ladies, representing the Hindu, Brahmo and Christian communities, filled the lower floor of the newly built premises of the Brahmo Girls' High School in Upper Circular Road. Two European ladies, Miss Nivedita Noble and Miss Christina Albers, attended. No Mussalman ladies seem to have been present. As no male visitors were admitted, the proceedings cannot be fully known unless those who took leading parts in them are good enough to publish a report. So far as we have been enabled to ascertain, it seems that the Maharani of Nattore, who was to have presided, having failed to attend owing to ill-health, the chair was taken by Mrs. J. C. Bose. A paper sent by the Maharani was read by Mrs. Indria Chaudhuri. The other speakers, all of whom read papers, were Mrs. J. C. Bose, Mrs. Lilavati Mittra, whose paper was read by her daughter, Miss Kumudini Mittra, B.A., Miss Amala Das and Mrs. Kusumkumari Das of Barisol. Besides the papers, there was a dialogue explaining the history and geography of India with the help of a map. It was excellently done by the two Miss Mittras, daughters of Babu Krishnakumar Mittra. The proceedings were interspersed with national songs, sung with great effect by expert lady musicians. Great enthusiasm prevailed and all present seem to have immensely enjoyed, and been benefited by, what they saw and heard. The meeting was perhaps the first of its kind in Bengal. We hope the Mary Carpenter Hall will witness many more such meetings.

—Female education in Bangalore is advancing apace. On the 2nd October, the Sanscrit College in the Fort presented a gay appearance, the occasion being the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Government Girls' School. The schools under the management of a Committee, situated in different parts of the City to meet local wants are : (1) the Government Girls' School, Chikpetta, (2) the Arya Balika Patasala, Siddhikatta, (3) the Girls' School, Chamarajpet, and (4) the Girls' School, Malleswaram. Of these, the first three teach up to the Mysore Lower Secondary Standard, and the fourth to the Primary Standard only. A feature of the Arya Balika Patasala is the facility that it affords for the education of widows, the staff consisting chiefly of trained lady teachers. Special encouragement is given to widow pupils by the Devaraja Bahadur Charity Education Fund, and there are 15 widow pupils in the Arya Balika Patasala, whose ages vary from 13 to 23, receiving scholarships from the above fund. This institution has already sent up two widow pupils to the Maharani's College, Mysore, to read for the Matriculation Examination, there being no provision for higher teaching for Hindu women in Bangalore.

News and Notes.

—A Chinese lady has graduated at the Women's Medical College at Philadelphia, and become a doctor of medicine.

—There are 2,641 Chinese students in Japan varying from 20 and 30 years of age, while about 100 arrive by every boat.

—An account of the visit of the Maharajah of Kapurthala to China and Japan has been published in a book form.

—Girl traffic is still current in Lower Burma. The Burma Government have been trying to do their best to put a stop to this nasty traffic.

—Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. A. P. Smith, of the Travancore Forest Department, has passed the Trinity College London examination, M. K., with honours. She secured 88 out of 100 marks.

—Female education is much in the ascendance in the United Kingdom. Five ladies obtained the degree of doctors, two, the degrees of D.Sc. Fifty got M.A. degrees and many are the people who obtained B.A. degrees.

—"The children have no chance in the cities as compared with the fields," says Mrs. Bram - Booth. Physique has a great deal to do with morals. A healthy and vigorous body is a great help to a healthy and vigorous soul. Purity of heart and purity of flesh and blood needs pure air, pure water, pure light, and pure food.

—Madame Hofer, the childless widow *Viraudiere* of the 28th French Dragoons, has won with one franc-ticket the grand prize of one million francs (£4,000) of the Paris Press Lottery. She immediately adopted two orphan boys for preparation for cadetships at St. Cyn and gave an entertainment to the Regiment. The second prize in the lottery of 200,000 francs was won by a clerk in Paris.

—France has a thrifty population as the statistics of her Savings Banks show. The figures for 1903 are given in the *Journal Official* for March of the present year. On the 31st of December 1903 there were 7,325,073 Savings Bank books in use, representing a capital of 38,177 million francs. In the Post Office Savings Banks there was a deposit of 11,068 millions of francs divided among 3,991,412 depositors.

—A Maternity Dufferin Hospital is to be started at Mandalay owing to the question of having some such scheme for supplying female medical aid for women of Upper Burma having been raised by the Managing Committee of the Burma branch of the Countess of Dufferin Fund. The Municipality are agreeable to paying half the maintenance of such a hospital on Government building and equipping it.

—Here is an example of grit. Miss Miller, formerly a teacher in Philadelphia, was dismissed by the President of the School Board. She was too poor to obtain legal advice; so she began to study Law and was recognised as her own council. Two years after her dismissal, she prosecuted the President for conspiracy and libel, won her case, and was awarded $14,960 damages.

—The Countess of Minto was a Miss Mary Grey, daughter of a private secretary of the late Queen Victoria. During her stay in Canada she was noted for her kindness and generality, and she will long be remembered there for the assistance she gave to the movement for commemorating the soldiers who had fallen in the Boer War. She is exceedingly popular as a hostess, and her dinners and other entertainments are invariably successful.

—In May last the Cheltenham Ladies' College celebrated its Jubilee. Miss Beale, the Principal, has done wonders during the time she has been at the head of the College; when she took over charge, now many years ago, she found less than 100 girls on the rolls of whom 15 were under notice to leave. She has now a college, perfectly equipped, with over a thousand students. Miss Beale is deservedly recognised as the pioneer and founder of the higher education of women in England and it is hardly too much to say that all the great women teachers at home recognise her as their leader.

—Accounts of the admission of Australia's first lady barrister are now to hand. The name in full is Miss Greta Flos Matilda Greig. The novelty drew a crowded court many ladies being present. Chief Justice Sir John Madden and his colleagues of the Supreme Court, in Melbourne signalised the occasion by smiling as they took their seats on the Bench. After having been duly admitted with a number of male candidates, the Chief Justice, addressing Miss Greig, conveyed the congratulations of the Bench and expressed the hope that she would be as successful at the Bar as she had been as a student. Miss Greig rose and bowed. Later in the day she made her first professional appearance, in an application on behalf of a branch of the Australian Women's Association.

—Some curious statistics relating to suicides in Germany are published by the Government statistical department in Berlin From these it would appear that during the past few years the number of suicides has been steadily increasing, both among men and women, although so far the men exceed the women in the proportion of four to one. It is terrible to read that suicides among school children are largely increasing, especially just before and after examinations. In the year under review sixty-nine children under fifteen years of age took their lives. The age when most suicides occur among men is between fifty and sixty, and among women between twenty and thirty. Most suicides occur in the spring and fewest in December. In nine-tenths of the cases the methods adopted are drowning, hanging and shooting. There are comparatively few instances of the use of poison, which is the means chiefly chosen by women. Women, says the report, show an inveterate dislike to select any mode of death which might disfigure their faces. Among men it is need or pecuniary embarrassment which drives most to take their own lives. This factor also plays an important part with women, but in addition a strong body of them are urged to suicide by unrequited affection.

—His Highness the Maharaja of Baroda has placed at the disposal of the General Secretary of the National Social Conference a sum of Rs 200 to be offered this year as a prize to the best essayist on some question of social reform. At a meeting of the Presidency Social Reform Association, it was resolved to offer the prize for competition on the following subject:—

"The ideal of Hindu womanhood, with practical suggestions for its realization." The following conditions are imposed—

1. That the essay is open to competition by any person in India.

2. That it should be in English, legibly written or typed.

3. That the Association will have the full right of publishing and translating it in any language.

4. That no essay shall be returned.

5. That the writer's full name and designation and residence must appear at the end of the essay.

6. That the essay should be sent to Mr. B. N. Bhajekar, Girgaum Back Road, Bombay, before the 1st of March, 1906.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Acknowledgments for September, 1905.

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